



No. 263.—VOL. XXI.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6½d.



THE PEER AND THE PERI.

Being "Mr. James Erskine" (Lord Rosslyn) as Arthur Gower, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh as Trelawny of the "Wells," at the Court Theatre.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

"JULIUS CÆSAR," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Photographs by G. C. Turner and Co., Barnsbury Park, N.



MR. TREE AS MARK ANTONY, OVER THE DEAD BODY OF CÆSAR.

"How 'like a deer, stricken by many princes, dost thou here lie!"



MR. MACLEAY AS CASSIUS, OVER THE BODY OF CÆSAR.

"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"



MRS. TREE AS LUCIUS, AND MR. WALLER AS BRUTUS.

LUCIUS: *"Sir, March is wasted fourteen days."*

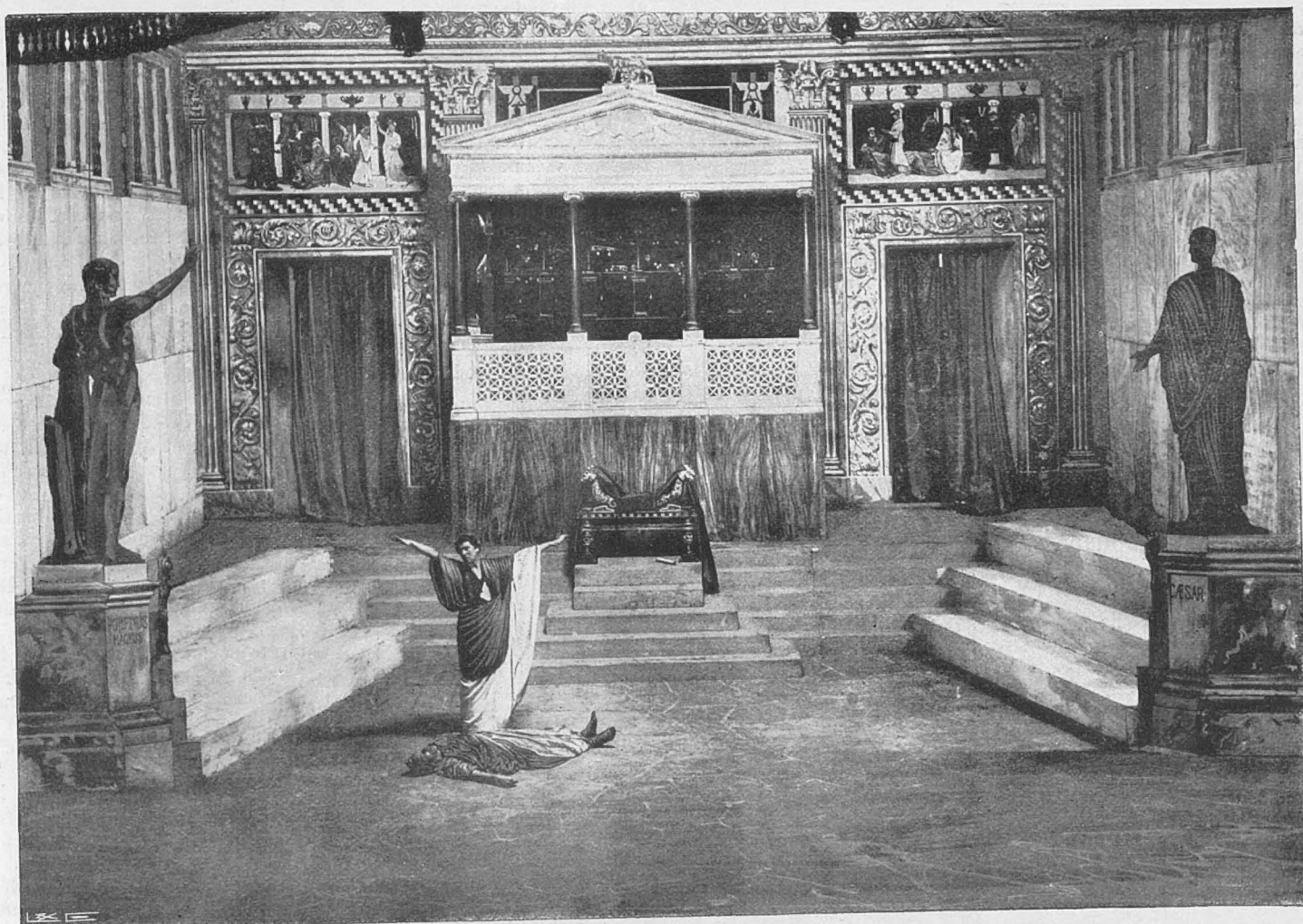


MR. FULTON AS JULIUS CÆSAR AND MISS HANBURY AS CALPHURNIA.

CÆSAR: *"Cowards die many times before their death."*

"JULIUS CÆSAR," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Photographs by G. C. Turner and Co, Barnsbury Park, N.



"O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?"



AFTER THE BATTLE OF PHILIPPI: BRUTUS LYING DEAD. MARK ANTONY RAISING HIS SWORD.

"This was the noblest Roman of them all."

AN ECONOMIST OF TIME.

HOW MR. EDMUND ROUTLEDGE COMPILED HIS
"BOOK OF THE YEAR."

In his office at Broadway, Ludgate Hill, one of the best-known and busiest of London publishers gets through a tremendous amount of work every day. Should you wish to see him, you must think yourself lucky and favoured if he can spare you ten minutes between engagements. But his activities do not end with office routine. Only the other day Mr. Edmund Routledge surprised the reading public with a wonderful "Book of the Year," recording every notable event of 1897, compiled by himself, and the wonder was how he had found time to do it, and, more marvellous still, by what magic he had contrived to publish this copious chronicle of 1897 on the 10th day of January, 1898.

Regarding the occasion as most opportune to learn not only the secret of this feat of bookmaking, but also to give readers of *The Sketch* some account of Mr. Edmund Routledge's most interesting career, a *Sketch* representative called at Broadway, where he received a very kind welcome from the great publisher, who placed somewhat more than ten of his precious minutes at his visitor's disposal. Still, an engagement was not far distant, but even in the interview Mr. Routledge was true to his reputation of a great time-economist.

We proceeded (writes *The Sketch* representative) straight to the discussion of "The Book of the Year," and Mr. Routledge, the frankest of magicians, at once consented to answer the question, "How it's done."

"There is no secret," he confessed. "My method was simply this. Every morning during last year I had the daily papers brought to me at seven o'clock. By eight all the principal events of the preceding day were blue-pencilled for entry under that date in the forthcoming book, which, as you are aware, deals with the year day by day."

"But you must have found other hours, Mr. Routledge, for your work has a perfect index, which alone must have been a herculean task?"

"I worked as I could find time in the evenings. The index, I admit, was a heavy undertaking. You may form some idea of it when I tell you that it contains ten thousand references, and that in the preparation of it some sixty-four books were filled, each book corresponding to a subject-division, which in turn is alphabetically arranged."

"Of course, the work had gone to press in sections?"

"Yes; and the index was done in four divisions, the first containing six months' material, the second three months', then two, then one.

The whole was out on Jan. 10. But, had it not been for the hour's work every morning, the book could never have appeared."

"The reception accorded to the book has, I understand, been most cordial?"

"Perhaps you would care to look over some of the letters I have received," and Mr. Routledge produced a bulky volume, in which, with his habitual system, he has arranged and indexed all the acknowledgments and Press notices of his "Book of the Year." There were letters from the Queen, the Prince of Wales, Lord Salisbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Roberts, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Richard Webster, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Pinero, and many other distinguished people, expressive of hearty appreciation. Not a few of the letters are autograph, so that the collection is doubly valuable. The Press notices were numerous and complimentary. On the wall above Mr. Routledge's desk hung a signed photograph of Mr. Chamberlain. The Colonial Secretary's letter made reference to the portrait easy.

"That," said Mr. Routledge, "is a statesman for whom I have the greatest respect, and Mr. Chamberlain sent me his portrait at my request when I became a Liberal Unionist."

"That reminds me, Mr. Routledge, that not the least part of my errand here is to persuade you to tell *The Sketch* something of your career, literary and political."

"My business career," replied Mr. Routledge, "began in January 1859, before I was sixteen. In that year I entered the firm of Routledge, Warne, and Routledge, though I was not a partner until

1865. Before I was nineteen I was editing *Every Boy's Magazine*, which was founded in 1861."

"Of which, I think, the yearly volume was so popular as *Every Boy's Annual*?"

"I see you remember it," the former editor replied, with the interest of an old campaigner.

"Particularly," I replied, "a capital story of the old London 'prentices, called 'Clubs to the Rescue!'"

"Ah! that was ever so long ago," said Mr. Routledge, supplying, after a moment's thought, the author's name. "Here is the first volume, which opens with Ballantyne's 'Wild Man of the West.' It is, as you see, octavo; the magazine had been enlarged to quarto size before the last volume in 1889, when the paper ceased to have a separate existence, being merged in one of the most popular periodicals for boys. Yes, I was editor from start to finish. By-the-bye, if you care to come into the next room I can show you a model of a lifeboat subscribed for by the readers of *Every Boy's Magazine*."

Nothing loth, I followed Mr. Routledge, and inspected the really beautiful model, which was presented by the Lifeboat Institution to the editor of *Every Boy's Magazine* on Aug. 1, 1867, the day on which the lifeboat was launched at Caister, on the Norfolk coast. "And here," said Mr. Routledge, holding up something mysterious, "are actually the ribbons and the neck of the bottle used at the christening."

"The boat," continued my entertainer, as we returned to his room, "did good service, but at last went to pieces. Well, to continue our talk about publications, another for which I am responsible, and which has had a great success for many years, is 'Edmund Routledge's Penny Table Book,' now in its 1360th thousand, so that well on to a million and a-half have been sold. My 'Date Book' is another handy and popular manual."

"You were very early in the field of sixpenny monthly magazines, were you not, Mr. Routledge?"

"With the exception of Mrs. Henry Wood's *Argosy*, the *Broadway*, which I founded and edited in the 'sixties and onwards, was the first. Here is the first volume. You will see many familiar names among the contributors; to take a few at random, Clark Russell, Edmund Yates, Robert Buchanan, Samuel Lover, F. C. Burnand, W. S. Gilbert, W. M. Rossetti, E. L. Blanchard, Tom Hood, John Hollingshead, Ashby Sterry, G. A. Sala, Charles Knight, and many others. For 1868 you see announcements of contributions from Henry Kingsley, Frederick Locker, Walt Whitman, and Barry Cornwall."

"A goodly company, like the books around you," I suggested, alluding to the closely packed shelves which line Mr. Routledge's apartment from floor to ceiling.

"In this room," Mr. Routledge replied, "is a copy of every book

our firm has published. The shelves are now very nearly overflowing, for the number of our publications has reached 6107."

The conversation turned to Mr. Routledge's public life, and he alluded briefly to his founding of the famous debating society known as the "Kensington Parliament," where, as "leader of the Liberal Party," he was in some measure schooled for the three actual Parliamentary contests in which he has taken part, as candidate for North Kensington, for North Paddington, and for the Ayr Burghs. In these, if victory was not his, he at least made defeat honourable. On the second occasion he took the field four days before the polling, to lead the Liberal forlorn hope, and succeeded in that short time in reducing the Tory majority by nearly five hundred, polling more votes than a Liberal has ever secured in that old Conservative stronghold, while his opponent polled fewer than any Tory candidate had ever received in the borough.

"After standing for Parliament three times and paying my own expenses on each occasion," Mr. Routledge continued with dry humour, "I recently received my worldly reward—I was appointed a J.P. for the County of London. That is the latest event of any importance, if important it be, in my public career."

With this little allusion to the "spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes," Mr. Routledge found that his last free moment had expired, so I was reluctantly compelled to postpone to some other day the questions I had projected as to his lifelong patronage of the drama; for at *premières* there is no more familiar figure than that of Mr. Edmund Routledge.



MR. EDMUND ROUTLEDGE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
THE LITTLE MINISTER, by J. M. Barrie.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 10.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, MR. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8,
JULIUS CÆSAR.
MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.
Box Office open 10 to 10. Seats booked from 2s. HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. George Alexander, Sole Lessee and Manager.

TO-NIGHT at 8 (LAST NIGHT),
THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE, by R. C. Carton.
WEDNESDAY NEXT, Feb. 16, at 2; THURSDAY, Feb. 17, and EVERY EVENING following at 8,
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.
Box plan now open 10 to 10. ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

AVENUE THEATRE.—Licensee, Mr. CHAS. H. HAWTREY.—

Miss MARION THORNEHILL'S SEAS'N. EVERY EVENING at 8, SWEET NANCY,
by Robert Buchanan. Miss Annie Hughes as Sweet Nancy. Preceded, at 8.15, by A BIT OF OLD
CHELSEA, by Mrs. Oscar Beringer. Miss Leni Ashwell, Miss He'len Ferrers, and Miss Annie
Hughes; Messrs. Martin Harvey, Jarvis Widdelcomb, Harvard Arnold, and Edmund Maurice.
MATINEE OF BOTH PIECES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30. Box Office
(Mr. Anderson) open 10 to 5.

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, MARSEILLES

and TREASURE ISLAND. Doors open at 7.45.
GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

ALHAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING, NEW GRAND BALLET,

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.
Exceptional Variety Programme.

OLYMPIA.**BARNUM AND BAILEY.**

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.

Seventh Week of the Limited Season.

Most Gigantic Show Ever Devised by Man.

Where London papers say they "see too much" and critics are amazed.

Three Circus Companies in Three Rings.
Two Olympian Stages, One Huge Race-Track.
Two Complete Menageries, Three Herds of Elephants.
Museum of Living Freaks and Curiosities.
Twenty Funniest Clowns on Earth.
Seventy Ho-ses Performing in One Ring.
Four Hundred Horses, Two Dromedaries, Hosts of Queer Animals.
One thousand-and-One Marvellous Sights and Wonderful Objects.
A Refined and Elegant Entertainment.

TWO GRAND EXHIBITIONS DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
Doors open at 12.30 and 6.30.

Early Gates open (Hammersmith Road) at 12 noon and 6 p.m. for 3s. seats and upwards.
Early Entrance Fee 6d. extra.
Owing to the stupendously large show and the general magnitude of the Exhibitions,
necessitating great preparations, the Menageries, Freak and Horse Fair Departments can only be
open from 12 to 4.15 p.m. and from 6 to 10.30 p.m.
No Promenade tickets sold. Every ticket entitling holder to a reserved numbered seat, and
admitting to all advertised departments without extra charge.
Prices.—Amphitheatre, 1s. and 2s.; Arena Seats, 2s., 3s., and 4s.; Balcony Seats, 3s.; Stalls, 5s.,
7s. 6d.; Private Boxes (5 and 6 seats), £3 3s.; Single Box Seats, 10s. 6d.; special prices for Royal
Box when not engaged.
Children between four and ten years of age half-price to all except 1s. and 2s. seats.
Box Office open from 9 a.m. to 9.30 p.m.
1s. and 2s. sea's on sale only after doors open. All other seats may be booked in advance
at Box Office and at usual Libraries.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.—The Mentone of England, adjoining

St. Leonards. THE SACKVILLE HOTEL, an ideal winter and spring residence,
combining the latest improvements and attractions at moderate prices.
Special inclusive terms till Easter.
For tariff, &c., apply to Manager.

CANARY ISLANDS.—SANTA CATALINA HOTEL, Las Palmas.

In midst of beautiful gardens, facing sea.
Sanitary arrangements perfect. English physician and nurse.
English church. Golf, tennis, cycling.

The Canary Islands Company, Limited, 1, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.

HUMBER CYCLES.—There is no greater mistake than to think

that Messrs. Humber exclusively manufacture Expensive Machines. On the contrary,
their Coventry Cycles can be purchased retail (fully guaranteed) for £15 (Gentlemen's) and
£15 15s. (Lady's). For Catalogue and name of nearest Agent apply to
32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

TO THE CONTINENT

VIA

QUEENBORO' & FLUSHING.

ROYAL DUTCH MAIL

TWICE DAILY in each direction. DAY AND NIGHT SERVICES.

LARGE, FAST, and MAGNIFICENT PADDLE STEAMERS.

ACTUAL SEA PASSAGE by the NEW 21 KNOTS NIGHT STEAMERS 2½ Hours Only.

Through Tickets and Registration of Luggage from London (Victoria,
Holborn Viaduct, St. Paul's, and Herne Hill Stations) to the Principal Stations
on the Continent, and vice versa.

Through Communications between Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Queenboro',
via Willesden Junction and Herne Hill, without touching London.

Apply for Time Tables, etc., to the

ZEELAND STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S LONDON OFFICE: 44a, Fore St., E.C.,
Where Circular Tickets may be obtained at Three Days' Notice.

PARIS.—SHORTEST and CHEAPEST ROUTE, viâ NEWHAVEN,

DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Two Special Express Services (Week-days and Sundays).

London to Paris.		(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)	Paris to London.		(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)
Victoria	...	dep. 10 0 a.m.	8 50 p.m.	Paris	...	dep. 10 0 a.m.	9 0 p.m.
London Bridge	...	" 10 0 "	" 9 0 "	London Bridge	...	arr. 7 0 p.m.	7 40 a.m.
Paris	...	arr. 7 0 p.m.	7 15 a.m.	Victoria	...	" 7 0 "	" 7 50 "

FARES.—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return: First, 58s. 3d.;
Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d. A Pullman Drawing-room Car runs in the First and Second
Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.

For Further Particulars see Time Books, or address Continental Traffic Manager, London,
Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge, S.E.

SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS—**TO BRIGHTON.—EVERY WEEK-DAY First-Class Day Tickets**

from Victoria 10.5 a.m. Fare, 12s. 6d. Pullman Car.
EVERY SATURDAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 and 11.40 a.m.; London
Bridge 9.25 a.m. and 12 noon. Fare, 10s. 6d., including Admission to Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
EVERY SUNDAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m.
Fare, 10s., or Pullman Car, 12s.

TO WORTHING.—EVERY WEEK-DAY First-Class Day Tickets

from Victoria 10.5 a.m., Sundays 10.45 a.m. Fare, including Pullman Car to Brighton, Week-days
13s. 6d., Sundays 13s.
EVERY SATURDAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 a.m. Fare, 11s.

TO EASTBOURNE.—EVERY SUNDAY Cheap Day Tickets

from Victoria 11 a.m. Fare, 13s. 6d., including Pullman Car.

TO HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EAST-

BOURNE.—Fast Trains every Week-Day.
FROM VICTORIA—9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., 3.26 p.m. (4.30 p.m. to Eastbourne and
Bexhill, and 5.40 p.m. and 7.50 p.m. to Eastbourne only), and 9.45 p.m.
FROM LONDON BRIDGE—9.45 a.m., 12.5 p.m., 2.5 p.m., 4.5 p.m., 5.5 p.m. and 9.55 p.m., also
8 p.m. to Eastbourne only.

For Further Particulars see Time Books, or address Traffic Superintendent, London,
Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge, S.E.

NEW BOOK BY MR. STANLEY WEYMAN.**SHREWSBURY A ROMANCE**

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Author of "A Gentleman of France," &c. With 24 Illustrations by Claude A. Shepperson.
Crown 8vo, 6s.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and CO.

FISHING, SHOOTING, and other Sports, with many First-class Illustrations,
are treated in THE SPORTSMAN'S SUPPLEMENT (12 large pages). Given Free with
The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart Newspaper of Monday next.

HOME MATTERS. Most Interesting Articles, with many Illustrations, on
all things connected with the Home will be found in THE HOME SUPPLEMENT (12 large
pages). Given Free with The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart Newspaper of Wednesday next.

THE BAZAAR, EXCHANGE AND MART NEWSPAPER, with the
Supplement complete, may be had at all Newsagents' and Bookstalls, price 2d., or for 3d. in
stamps from the Office: 170, Strand, London, W.C.

LAWRENCE & BULLEN'S NEW BOOKS.

TO BE COMPLETED IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF SPORT. Edited by the
EARL OF SUFFOLK and BERKSHIRE, HEDLEY PEEK, and F. G. AFLALO.
Imperial 8vo. Volume the First (A—LEO). Price £1 5s. in buckram; half-morocco (by
Zaehnsdorf), £1 15s. net.; full crushed levant morocco (by Zaehnsdorf), £3 3s. net.

SER GIOVANNI.

THE PECORONE. Translated by W. G. WATERS. With
Illustrations by E. R. Hughes. Imperial 8vo, £2 2s. net. 110 Copies on Japanese Vellum.
[Japanese Vellum Edition Out of Print.]
£4 4s. net.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

OF THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. Illustrated. Printed
by the Chiswick Press on Japanese Vellum. 24mo, 15s. net.
"Worthily reproduced."—GUARDIAN.

THE STANDARD BOOK ON ALL CARD GAMES.

FOSTER'S COMPLETE HOYLE. An Encyclopædia of Indoor
Games. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 625 pp., 7s. 6d.

"Mr. Foster has done wonders of compression, and his volume will be of the greatest value in all clubs
and country houses as a handy and compendious work of reference."—ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

HUMAN ODDS AND ENDS: Stories and Sketches. By
GEORGE GISSING. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"May be taken as thoroughly representative of him at his best."—ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE INVISIBLE MAN."

CERTAIN PERSONAL MATTERS. By H. G. WELLS.
Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"It is a question whether he has ever written anything so humorously fascinating."—WORLD.

THE SILVER FOX. A Hunting Story. By MARTIN ROSS
and E. CE. SOMERVILLE. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"A very excellent, well-written story."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

"The style throughout is of rare excellence, alike in dialogue, description, and its touches of illuminative
comment."—SPECTATOR.

LAWRENCE and BULLEN, Ltd., 16, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

"I should like to send you PICK-ME-UP every week. . . . It
is a dreadfully amusing paper—never fails to make me almost
yell."—MR. PINERO'S PLAY: "THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY."

NEW SERIES.**PICK-ME-UP.**

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Office: 148, STRAND, W.C.

Issues now offered { £250,000 First Mortgage 4½ per cent. Debenture Stock.
£275,000 in 5½ per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares
of One Pound each (having priority rights on
distribution of Capital).
£275,000 in Ordinary Shares of One Pound each.

The Subscription List opened on Monday, Feb. 7, 1898, at 10 a.m., and closes at 4 p.m. on Wednesday, Feb. 9, 1898, for both Town and Country.

UNITED ORDNANCE AND ENGINEERING CO., LIMITED.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE BUSINESS OF

EASTON, ANDERSON, AND GOOLDEN, Limited.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893.

SHARE CAPITAL:

275,000 5½ per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each £275,000
(Being also Preferential as to Capital), and

275,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each - - - - - £275,000

FIRST MORTGAGE 4½ PER CENT. DEBENTURE STOCK £250,000

The Debenture Stock will be redeemable at 105 per cent. at any time after Jan. 1, 1908, at the option of the Company on six months' notice, and will be secured by a First Mortgage to the Trustees on the Freeholds and Fixed Plant, and a floating first charge on the Stock, Stores, Patent Rights, Movable Plant, unfinished Work, and other Assets of the Company, including its Uncalled Capital.

The whole of the Preference and Ordinary Shares and Debenture Stock are now offered for subscription, payable as follows—

PREFERENCE AND ORDINARY SHARES, 2s. 6d. on application, 7s. 6d. on allotment, and the balance at the expiration of one month after allotment.

DEBENTURE STOCK, 10 per cent. on application, 40 per cent. on allotment, and the balance at the expiration of one month after allotment.

£250,000 will be provided for further Working Capital and the construction of new Works.

TRUSTEES FOR DEBENTURE HOLDERS.

CHARLES HOARE, Esq., 37, Fleet Street, London, E.C.
The Right Hon. Sir W. T. MARRIOTT, Q.C.

SOLICITORS TO TRUSTEES FOR DEBENTURE HOLDERS.

Messrs. FRERE, CHOLMELEY, and CO., 28, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

DIRECTORS.

Admiral Sir H. F. NICHOLSON, K.C.B., late Vice-President of the Ordnance Committee, and late Commander-in-Chief at the Nore.

H. McCALMONT, M.P. (Director of the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, Limited).

*F. ELGAR, LL.D., F.R.S. (Director of the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, Limited).

CHARLES CAMMELL (Director of Charles Cammell and Co., Limited, Sheffield, of the Harvey Steel Company of Great Britain, Limited, and of the Harvey Continental Steel Company, Limited).

Colonel PAGET MOSLEY (Chairman of the Trafford Park Estates, Limited).

*T. PERCEVAL WILSON (Chairman of Easton, Anderson, and Goolden, Limited), a Managing Director.

*H. K. BAYNES (Director of Easton, Anderson, and Goolden, Limited), a Managing Director.

* Will join the Board after Allotment.

SOLICITORS FOR THE COMPANY.

Messrs. GOLDING and HARGROVE, 99, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

BANKERS.

Messrs. HOARE, 37, Fleet Street, London, E.C., and their Agents WILLIAMS DEACON and MANCHESTER AND SALFORD BANK, LIMITED, Manchester, THE BANK OF LIVERPOOL, LIMITED, Liverpool, and THE NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, LIMITED, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

BROKERS.

Messrs. WESTMACOTT, ESCOMBE, and CO., 5, Copthall Buildings, Throgmorton Street, London, E.C., and Stock Exchange.

AUDITORS.

Messrs. W. B. PEAT and CO., 3, Lothbury, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES.

W. E. DAVIES, Broad Sanctuary Chambers, Westminster, London, S.W.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares and Debenture Stock respectively can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and of the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors.

SCANDALOUS STORIES OF THE TURF.*

The exhortation of the Apocrypha, "Let us praise famous men," is evidently not lost on "Thormanby," who, writing always like a gentleman, a scholar, and a sportsman, sets forth in his most recent work (which is, by the way, mainly a compilation) a great deal that is creditable to the Turf and to Turfites. Much of the interest of the book, however, will be found by perverse humanity to centre in the racy stories of scandals, great or little, which fall to be recounted in connection with "Thormanby's" "Kings of the Turf." Their sporting majesties, with perhaps one exception, are all paragons of honour and high-mindedness, and their connection with shady transactions is, of course, fortuitous and innocent; but such of the stories as are concerned with the doubtful transactions of characters other than the persons chiefly represented lose none of their interest that they are recounted of minor lights of the Turf, for "Thormanby" tells a story of any kind well—so well, indeed, that it is almost a pity he has in this work contented himself with so much quotation.

The first of his exciting, if not scandalous tales, indeed, is recounted principally by Sir William Gregory, and will be not unfamiliar to many sportsmen. It occurs in the account of Lord George Bentinck, and has to do with that great sportsman's duel with Mr. Osbaldestone, commonly called "the Squire." The quarrel arose out of the Heaton Park meeting of September 1843, when the Squire's Rush ran nowhere for the Trial Stakes, and next day, backed for big sums at 4 to 1 and 2 to 1, romped home for the Cup. At the last moment, Bentinck offered the owner 200 to 100 in sovereigns against, which the Squire coolly accepted. It was not until next year that the Squire had a chance to ask for his money, which Lord George at first refused, saying that the Jockey Club considered the whole affair a robbery. Finally, however, he paid, but in a manner scarcely worthy of his usual gentlemanly bearing. A rather shabby squabble followed, and this led to a meeting, which only failed of a fatal termination by the ingenuity of Colonel Anson, Lord George's second. Of course, the story is far from new, but it tells twice. "Thormanby" contrasts it favourably with another which he tells "on his own" regarding Lord George Bentinck, as follows—

Lord George could be most offensively arrogant at times, and his behaviour in the following case seems to me unpardonable. When dining once in his club he noticed a man, whom he knew as a defaulter, also dining there. The latter called for his bill. As the waiter was bringing it, Lord George interposed, and in his commanding, incisive tones said, "Waiter, bring that bill to me." Coolly casting his eye over its items, Lord George said, in a voice heard all over the room, and with a severity of tone which made his unfortunate victim wince, "Before Captain—orders such expensive dinners he should pay his debts of honour."

It was cruel and crushing, "Thormanby" remarks, and possibly well deserved, but was it quite the act of a gentleman?

There are, happily, many more pleasing stories of Bentinck, to whose memory our Turf King-maker does ample justice. The next monarch he celebrates is John Gully, who from a prize-fighter rose to be member of Parliament. Gully, himself a sportsman of unquestioned integrity, did not escape being victimised by the professional blackleg. One of Gully's roughest strokes of luck befell him at the Doncaster St. Leger of 1827, when he laid old Crockford, of Crockford's Club, £10,000 that his (Gully's) Mameluke beat ten different horses named, and £10,000 that he beat nine. He had also £10,000 to £1000 about his own horse for the same race. Old Crockford is believed to have "got at" the starter, and half-a-dozen half-broken brutes were sent to the post in order to wear out Mameluke, who was a vile-tempered beast, by false starts. At last, through the industry of this choice combination, Mameluke became so fretful that he would not go near the post, and at last, at a moment when his jockey was turning his horse's head, and Matilda, the winner, was seventy yards ahead, the flag, designedly no doubt, was dropped. By this precious piece of villainy John Gully lost £45,000, which he paid up like a man. He challenged the winner Matilda to a match with Mameluke over the same course, but the owner declined; for Mameluke, notwithstanding his disadvantageous start, had been beaten only by half a length. Of John Gully's romantic entry on his career and of his readiness in after-life to "put up his hands" upon just provocation, there are spicy anecdotes in plenty, and altogether the sketch of the tough old practitioner is one of the best and most readable in the volume. The account of John Scott, the trainer, reveals a character less firm at a pinch of principle, but a character nevertheless.

Another great story is that of the *cause célèbre* of Wood v. Peel, told in the sketch of General Peel, that "incomparable describer of races... lost to such fame as the pen ably wielded can bestow."

The first portion of the book deals with great sportsmen under no special heading, such as Colonel Mellish, the Dukes of Grafton, Mr. George Payne, Sir Tatton Sykes, the Earl of Glasgow, the sixth Earl of Chesterfield, memorable only as the owner of Zingane and four other notable performers. There are also lively character-sketches of the illiterate though college-bred Mr. James Merry, of Admiral Rous, and the three Chifneys. Three great divisions follow—"Premiers on the Turf," "Foreigners on the Turf," and "American Sportsmen on the English Turf." Some account (unclassified) of great owners, trainers, and jockeys, living and dead, leads up to the last division, "Royalty on the Turf." Under this head there appears a single name, that of the Heir Apparent. And so closes this book of Turf stories, scandalous and otherwise, which, if they be not edifying, are, at least, amusing.

* "Kings of the Turf." By "Thormanby." London: Hutchinson and Co.

SMALL TALK.

Chatham is to have a new Town Hall, and the Victoria Tower of the Church of St. Mary is to be equipped with a peal of bells. As the tower commemorates the Jubilee, it was dedicated by Princess Christian last week, and she also laid the foundation-stone of the Town Hall. The church is very old. Though the oldest part of the present building dates only to 1120, worship has been conducted there from the time of the Saxons. To lovers of Dickens, it is interesting to note that he worshipped here, and describes the church in "David Copperfield," while outside the porch may be seen to-day what professes to be the tomb of the famous Weller family. The bells, eight in number (which have been cast by Warners), are named respectively Victoria, Nellie, Charles, Mary, Harold, Jane, and Charles Bessent, while one was recast in 1897 from a first recast of 1812.

The death of Lord Carlingford, for many years, as Mr. Chichester Fortescue, a familiar figure in politics and Society, snaps a link that connected the musical celebrities of this century with those of the last. Lord Carlingford's wife, the late Frances, Countess Waldegrave, whose receptions at Carlton Gardens and Strawberry Hill were once among the finest functions in Society, was the daughter of Braham, one of the greatest of English operatic singers, and the composer of that possibly immortal song, "The Death of Nelson." More than a hundred years ago Braham was playing leading parts at Drury Lane and the Italian Opera. After a tour in Italy he settled permanently at the Covent Garden house, where his rich tenor voice and charming manner made him the darling of the musical world and the pet of Society. His acting was poor compared with his singing, and Sir Walter Scott dubbed him "A beast of an actor, but an angel of a singer," and his angelic singing, by reason of his delightful rendering, charmed audiences even in his extreme old age, when his voice had practically departed. His daughter Frances was a lady who presumably did not find marriage a failure. She was married first to Mr. J. J. Waldegrave, of Navestock, and after his death she became the wife of George, seventh Earl Waldegrave. The Earl died in 1846, and the following year Mr. George Harcourt, a son of an Archbishop of York, led her to the altar. He departed to a better world, and the Countess married Mr. Chichester Fortescue in 1871, and died herself eight years later.

I understand that at present nothing is definitely settled as to the future occupation of that delightful old residence, Pembroke Lodge, Richmond Park, which for more than half a century was occupied by

Lord John Russell, or his widow, the venerable Countess Russell, who has just passed away. There is a talk of the Princess Louise and her husband leaving Kensington for Pembroke Lodge, and rumour is busy with the names of Prince Adolphus of Teck and his Princess as possible tenants. The house itself is a comfortable and somewhat rambling old mansion, the grounds of which almost adjoin the New Terrace. It is these grounds that are the glory of Pembroke Lodge. They are fairly extensive, but the way in which they are laid out makes them appear larger than they really are, and there is a delightfully wild and uncultivated look about them. The fact is that the late Countess loved the rural character of the grounds and gardens, and Nature's beauties unadorned appealed more nearly to her than the confections of the most skilful of gardeners. To see the rabbits and squirrels on her domain, to hear the blackbirds, thrushes, and nightingales, gave, I believe, genuine delight to the widow of the once famous statesman, who in 1847 had the Lodge allotted to him by the Queen, and who ended his days there in peace and retirement in 1878. Tradition says that it was on a little artificial hill in the pleasure-grounds of Pembroke Lodge that King Harry stood to see the signal-gun fired that announced the execution of Anne Boleyn, though Harrison Ainsworth makes that monarch watch for the fatal signal, fired from the Great Tower of Windsor Castle, on an eminence in Windsor Park.



THE VICTORIA TOWER AND ST. MARY'S CHURCH, CHATHAM, WHERE SAM WELLER'S FAMILY WAS BURIED.

A correspondent calls my attention to the fact that Mr. W. C. Morrow's story which appeared in our last issue had previously appeared in the *Sydney Bulletin*. I know nothing about the *Sydney Bulletin*. I only know that I purchased this little tale from Mr. James Bowden, the publisher who will shortly issue a volume of Mr. Morrow's stories.

The progress of art journalism, starting, I think, with the *Studio*, is so rapid that one finds difficulty in keeping pace with it. Germany is well in the van. Only the other month I referred to the new Darmstadt magazine, *Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration*. Munich now comes forward with *Dekorative Kunst*, published in this country by Messrs. Grevel. It occupies the same place for Germany as *Architecture* and the *Architectural Review*, two admirable productions, do with us. It is printed, curiously enough, in a very pretty italic letter. Vienna has started the year with *Ver Sacrum*, the organ of the Austrian Society of Painters. It is a quarto, beautifully printed in colours. Its strong point is its exposition of modern decorative art. The publisher of *Jugend*, Dr. Hirsh, is also issuing *Der Stil*. He begins with "der schöne Mensch in der Kunst Aller Zeiten"!



THE BELLS TO BE HUNG IN THE VICTORIA TOWER OF THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY, CHATHAM. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HONEY.

Mr. Raymond Roze, the clever conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre, and the composer of the music for "Julius Caesar," is already known to the London musical world as a talented pianist and composer and as the son of Madame Marie Roze. He returned from his studies in Brussels only in 1893, and is a very enthusiastic exponent of the Brassin school



MADAME MARIE ROZE'S SON, RAYMOND.

Photo by Ganz, Brussels.

and a great favourite of Arthur de Greef, the famous Belgian pianist, and before he graduated from the Conservatoire his master had the pleasure of seeing him carry off all possible honours. By birth Mr. Roze is a Parisian, though he was brought to England when he was only five years of age and entirely educated on this side of the Channel. He began to study music seriously about eight years ago, but, after less than four years of hard work, was considered to be "finished" by his professors—so much for the theory of heredity and also being in an atmosphere of the best of his art.

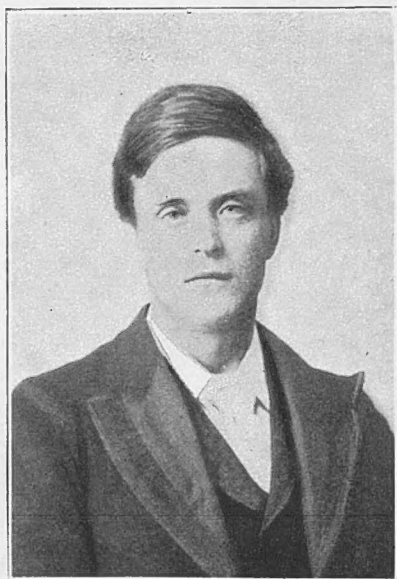
I should like to know something more concerning the Rev. Edmund Pochin, of the Vicarage, Barkby, Leicestershire, who left over one hundred thousand pounds, some of it

to his housekeeper and some more "to his reputed nephew," but leaving the residue of eighty thousand pounds to the British and Foreign Bible Society. His widow, two sons, and one daughter were all passed over in the will, and now the Bible Society send out the gratifying information that half the sum will be given up by them to the family. I wonder whether this is due to a compromise, and whether the family had proposed to dispute the will in question? It seems to me it might have been counted by any jury a fair ground of the man's insanity that he preferred to leave his money to a Bible Society rather than to his own children. If the British and Foreign Bible Society wish to make it clear to us that they have been as generous as the notice they have sent to the Press would imply, they will first have to prove that they were not in danger of the will being disputed, in which case they would probably have lost all the money.

Another interesting will dispute came on in the Law Courts last week, when a Mr. Hayden and his sister—who, although a charming girl, is a Professor at the Royal College of Dublin—wished to dispute the will of a cousin to whom they were next-of-kin, and who had bequeathed all her money to the nunnery in which she died. Mr. and Miss Hayden, of course, disputed the will on the ground of undue influence. As both parties to the dispute were Roman Catholic, this would seem to indicate an extraordinary emancipation from the old Catholic traditions. The deceased cousin's will, however, was upheld.

Mr. Walter Jerrold, who has just edited and translated a most delightful edition of Voltaire's "Candide," is a grandson of Douglas Jerrold. His father, Thomas Searle Jerrold, married a daughter of William Copeland, of the Theatre Royal, Liverpool. Mr. Walter Jerrold has written several popular biographies, including one of Mr. Gladstone and one of Michael Faraday; he has written short stories, and he contributes the literary gossip to the *Sunday Times*. He is also the sub-editor of the *Observer*, a combination of duties which would probably have surprised Douglas Jerrold and the journalists of his time. A man to-day, it would seem, must either be many things or nothing at all.

To anyone even partially acquainted with the career of Sir John C. Dalrymple-Hay, P.C., K.C.B., the title of the work which he has prepared for publication—"Lines from My Log-Book"—will awaken anticipations of interesting and lively reading. In the bearing of Sir John there is still something redolent of the briny and suggestive of the "salt" of bygone years. Born in 1821, he entered the Navy three years before the Queen's accession, served in the Kaffir War in 1835, and in Syria, 1840, was present at the capture of Beyrout and Jean d'Acre,



MR. WALTER JERROLD.

Photo by Hellis, Regent Street, W.

commanded the squadron which destroyed the pirate fleets at Bias Bay and the Gulf of Tonquin, 1849, commanded the *Hannibal* in the Baltic during the Crimean War, and was present at the capture of Sebastopol. From 1862 till 1865 Sir John sat as Member of Parliament for Wakefield; he represented Stamford for fourteen years, 1866-80, and, after a heated contest in 1880, he gained the suffrages of the electors of the Wigtown Burghs—his local popularity securing for him an ovation in Stranraer, near which, at Glenluce, is situated his country residence, and other centres—and sat till '85. Sir John is Chairman of Reuter's Telegraph Company, and his years sit lightly on his still alert and sprightly figure.

The theatre at Burlington House was thronged by a crowded audience at the last meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. Naturally, there was much eagerness to hear Mr. H. S. Cavendish give an account of his travels in Eastern Africa, and probably a good deal of curiosity to see this youthful explorer, who attained his majority only a few months ago. Mr. Cavendish, accompanied by Lieutenant Andrew, started from Berbera in September 1896, and travelled through Somaliland, explored Lake Rudolph and the neighbourhood, then marched southwards towards Uganda, and finally—the sudden return to civilisation sounds startling—was able to reach Mombasa by special train! His most exciting adventures arose through his ardent love of "big-game" shooting, a passion which fills the hearts of most young Englishmen, and in the pursuit of which he was nearly trampled to death by an infuriated elephant, while his companion, Lieutenant Andrew, had an equally narrow escape from a wrathful rhinoceros, which surprised the explorer's party when they were without their guns.

Another explorer, Captain Gibbons, has written his experiences in "Exploration and Hunting in Central Africa," just issued by Methuen, where he spent the better part of a year over his work. Sport is almost subservient to the more serious business of exploration; the vast majority of the bag made was killed for food, and, as becomes the promoter of a scheme for the preservation of South African game, animal life was taken sparingly. "I confess," says the author, "when I have been compelled to shoot animals with no other object than to feed my gluttonous carriers, to have fairly hated the sound of my own rifles." His praiseworthy restraint was rewarded, however, by bagging the "record"

hippopotamus and one of two largest lions known. The charm of the book lies, to a great extent, in the author's remarkably vivid pictures of the daily life a traveller leads in remote parts of Africa. Owing to the bloodthirsty character of the people whose country Captain Gibbons penetrated, he had more than a fair share of trouble with his porters, who finally deserted him almost *en masse* at a critical stage.

In a novel Gilbert and Sullivan performance just on the point of being given in New York there will be a curious reversion to the methods of the Elizabethan stage. Not a single lady will take part in the representation of "The Mikado," and even the characters of the "three little maids from school" will be assumed by young men. The Athletic Club has organised this queer performance, but what will Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert think of it?

Lieut.-General Sir F. D. Middleton, K.C.M.G., C.B., the Keeper of the Crown Jewels, who died at the Tower, was an officer who had seen war-service in New Zealand, and a great deal in India as well, including the Mutiny. He also commanded the forces engaged in quelling the Riel Rebellion in Canada in 1885. He was appointed Keeper of the Crown Jewels a little more than a year ago, and it may be remembered that his portrait appeared in *The Sketch*.

By a peculiar coincidence, on the very day that Sir Frederick was buried, the veteran Constable of the Tower, General Sir Daniel Lysons, G.C.B., died, at the age of eighty-two. He also had had a distinguished career, and had assisted in stamping out a Canadian rebellion, but nearly fifty years before that of Riel, namely, in 1838-9; and in 1861, during the Trent affair, he was again sent to Canada, this time to organise the Canadian Militia. He was at Alma and Inkerman, the capture of Balaclava, and, as a colonel, led the main column in the first attack on the Redan on June 18, 1855. In the final assault, on Sept. 8 of the same year, he led the supports of the storming party, and was seriously wounded in the thigh. Shortly after, he was appointed to command a brigade of the Light Division, and this he did till the end of the war. He succeeded the late Lord Napier of Magdala as Constable of the Tower in March 1890.



MR. H. S. CAVENDISH, EXPLORER OF SOMALILAND.

Photo by Lombardi and Co., Pall Mall.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

The black kitten which the Cherub in the Chinese play at the Royalty hugs for his life is probably the only member of its species that has ever figured in a play-bill, for the programme tells you that "One Two" is played "By himself."

"The Little Minister" preached at the Haymarket for the hundredth time on Saturday, for surely honest humour is the best sort of sermon.



THE CHERUB AND THE BLACK CAT "ONE TWO," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.
Photo by Hana, Strand.

Meantime, I reproduce a picture of the real Caddam Wood (which is about a mile north of Kirriemuir), where he and Babbie "carried on," as the sententious people of Thrums would have said. If you are eager to see Caddam Wood (so pronounced, though spelt Caldham), you will have to face a hill equally difficult to ascend or descend. The tourist who goes to see the celebrated "window," unless he happen to be told of a footpath short-cut up the brace, past the two factories, has, first of all, a breakneck ascent into the town, and then, a hundred yards further on, an equally breakneck descent, and immediately opposite to it a steep rise to the top of the brace, where he will find the "window," which, when all is said and done, is a very ordinary window in a very ordinary and commonplace cottage.

Turning up Roods Street, a long, steep pull, you come to the Northmuir, a scattered hamlet at the back of which lies the wood. The cart-track through it, which figures prominently in Mr. Barrie's novel, is at this season of the year almost knee-deep in mud, and the greater part of the wood itself was blown down in the disastrous gale of Nov. 18, 1893, which absolutely laid flat the woods of many a fine property in the neighbourhood. Some of it, however, is still standing, and picturesque enough even in winter, with its mixture of Scotch fir and larch, birch and heather, as shown in the accompanying picture. A correspondent declares that Thrums has "the finest climate and the worst-mannered race in the British Isles." Mr. Barrie certainly does not dispel that idea by his play.

Albert Gilmer, of Princess's fame, tells me that the public is manifesting a healthy curiosity to see how London lives, and that he is giving them

the usual facilities with great pleasure and appreciable profit. So soon as he conveniently can, he will hand the house over to renovators, and the old Princess's will awake again with youth renewed. New schemes of decoration, greater comfort, no draughts, and a plentiful supply of the fare that has brought so much grist to the managerial mill, such is the programme. Mr. Gilmer, who is interested in the "Brace of Partridges" due to appear at the Strand to-morrow night—nearly a fortnight after the end of the shooting season—is confident that the suburban developments and general competition will in no way affect the prosperity of the Princess's so long as he keeps it as the home of melodrama, and this he is going to do.

The new departure of the *Critic* newspaper in purchasing seats at theatres for its dramatic critic seems to be copied almost immediately, although not apparently voluntarily, by the *Saturday Review*, the critic of which journal, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, has been, within about a fortnight, refused seats for first-night performances at not less than two theatres. Mr. Shaw was not invited by Sir Henry Irving to "Peter the Great," and he was not invited by Mr. Arthur Chudleigh to see "Trelawny of the 'Wells.'" This seems to me to be an incredible blunder on the part of the managers of the Lyceum and Court Theatres. Mr. Bernard Shaw possesses by far the keenest intellect at present devoted to dramatic criticism; his absolute honesty is as unquestionable as is that of Mr. Archer. He never loses his head, as Mr. Archer sometimes does. Even his onslaughts on Shakspeare—unacceptable as they are to many of us—are absolutely the unbiassed judgment of a man with a singularly analytical mind, and are far more interesting than the usual parrot cry of praise. I believe it is accepted by managers of theatres of the type of the Lyceum and Court that conversation at dinner-tables does as much for the success of their plays as anything that appears in the journals of the day. If this be so, I am sure no one does so much to promote discussion of plays, and thereby to assist to their success, as does "G. B. S." of the *Saturday Review*.

The Cambridge Music Hall, which was burnt down in January 1896, has been replaced by a new building. The original Cambridge Music Hall was opened in 1864 by a Mr. Nugent, but was hardly successful, nor did its fortunes improve until it was purchased in 1879 by the late William Riley, by whose efforts, and those of his lieutenant, Mr. E. V. Page, the house grew in favour with the pleasure-seekers of the neighbourhood of Commercial Street and thereabouts. The pit floor of the new house is now sunk about ten feet below the street-level, and there are nine entrances and exits in place of one. There are most elaborate precautions against fire, including a fire-proof curtain with a huge sprinkler behind it that is always fully charged with water. Hot-water radiators are placed throughout the house, including the dressing-rooms. Of the latter there are nine, all fitted with hot and cold water, gas and electric light. The architect is Mr. Harry Percival (the surveyor of theatres and music-halls under the London County Council), who personally superintended the carrying-out of his designs. The building is in the Moorish style throughout, the front being executed in coloured bands of brickwork and richly carved Bath stone. Mr. Page remains in command, and his seventeen years' experience at this house is sufficient proof of his capabilities. He is trying to introduce the Saturday afternoon matinée into the East, as we have it up West, but the fact that the Jewish element cannot support him on those occasions must be a considerable obstacle.



THE REAL CADDAM WOOD, WHERE THE LITTLE MINISTER FLIRTED WITH BABBIE.
Photo by Munro, Kirriemuir.

Few things interest the feminine mind more than a christening or a marriage ceremony, and the lady passengers on the steamer *Alameda* were in a flutter on a voyage during the winter when it was announced that the infant son of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, Stevenson's step-son and collaborator, was to be christened on board. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne and their infant son were passengers, and so advantage was taken



STEVENSON'S STEP-SON AND HIS BABY.

of the presence of Bishop Wallis, of Wellington, to have the boy christened. He was called Alan, after the late Robert Louis Stevenson's creation. Captain K. von Oterendorp stood as godfather, while Mrs. Wallis was proxy for Mrs. Stevenson as godmother.

I suppose that most people have forgotten the once well-known Five Dials in Soho, which were shorn of their fair proportions during the making of Shaftesbury Avenue. The ruthless invader (in other words, the "house-breaker") is now continuing his savage work, for the corner of Moor Street, just behind the Palace Theatre, is being demolished. I cannot refrain from shedding a silent tear, for I did truly appreciate the romance of unregenerate Soho.

The Bloemfontein Railway Institute Dramatic and Musical Society send me a photograph of their latest production. They have given performances in aid of the *Drummond Castle* Relief Fund, also in honour of the Diamond Jubilee. The President of the Orange Free State gave his patronage and was present, and at this performance, before the curtain rose, the British National Anthem was rendered by the orchestra (composed entirely of railway-men), when the entire audience rose and joined in lustily. Some of the principal pieces staged by the society have been "Caste," "Weak Woman," "Still Waters Run Deep," "Meg's



AMATEUR ACTORS IN BLOEMFONTEIN.

Photo by Deale, Bloemfontein.

Diversion," "Dream Faces," "Withered Leaves," and various farces. The performances given were generally for charity. Most of the company hail from the Old Country.

In his latest contribution to the *Inverness Courier*, "Nether-Lochaber" relates some interesting reminiscences of a luncheon-party (in the early 'seventies) in the temporary residence of Charles Mackay,

the poet, in Oban, at which Dr. John Hill Burton, Dr. Carruthers, Professor Blackie, and Dr. Stewart himself were present, while Minnie Mackay, the "Marie Corelli" of to-day, presided at the table. "Mackay's daughter," writes Dr. Stewart, "was an expert versifier, and had written some very pretty lyrics, one or two of which, at Burton's request, she had recited as we sat in the drawing-room after luncheon." Mackay and Blackie, though great friends, were not, it appears, without jealousy of each other's gifts, and it was Mackay's delight to maintain that, if Blackie did know a little of Gaelic, he knew nothing of poetry. After luncheon, "Nether-Lochaber" proceeds—

The Professor exclaimed, "Minnie, why don't you learn Gaelic? It is a shame for a pretty girl of Highland descent like you not to know something of the mountain tongue. If you come to me at Altnacraig now and again I shall be delighted to give you lessons; and as you are a good and pretty girl, you shall be my student without paying any Professor's fee." In this very kind and harmless enough proposal Mackay believed, rightly or wrongly, that it was insinuated that if Minnie was to learn Gaelic it must be from Blackie, who knew all about it, and not from her father, who knew nothing of it at all! It was out of some such feeling as this, we suppose, that Mackay struck in and said, "All right, Professor, I have no objection; but Minnie really must pay you; if not in cash, at least in something like kind. You must arrange that in return for your teaching her to read Gaelic, she will teach you to write poetry." Mackay may have meant this very much as a joke, but the Professor did not evidently look upon it in that light. His face flushed; and we could see that it was with difficulty he repressed what would probably have been a keen-edged rejoinder. Dr. Carruthers, however, always a man of peace, and of consummate tact, at once stepped in between, so to speak, and very cleverly changed the subject by a direct question to Blackie.

Chief among the painters of dogs at the present time, and specially favoured by royalty itself, is Miss Frances Fairman, eight of whose pictures are hung in prominent positions in the forty-third Annual

Exhibition of the Society of Lady Artists (of which she is a member), now open in the gallery in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, and whose "Dog Show on Canvas and Paper" was one of the attractions at Clifford's Gallery in the Haymarket during the early months of last year. Miss Fairman is a devoted lover of animals, dogs and horses especially. She has painted the Princess of Wales's little Japs and Thibet Spaniel, Little Billee, Princess Victoria's Irish water-spaniel Venus, the Dandy Dimmont owned by the late Duke of Clarence, and now the special pet of the Prince of Wales, and others. Early in 1897 Miss Fairman was sent for from Windsor to paint some of her Majesty's pet dogs. Among them was the collie and the Pomeranian which accompanied the Queen to Cimiez last year. Since then Miss Fairman has been repeatedly sent for from Windsor to come there and paint at her Majesty's Kennels. Some years ago she spent many months in South America, and her water-colour sketches of flowers, fruit, birds, and butterflies taken there prove that her gifts as an artist are not confined alone to her well-beloved dogs.



MISS FAIRMAN.

Photo by Ritchie, Fulham Road.

A most intelligent foreigner now on a visit to Europe is the Japanese journalist, Chisen Asahina, editor-in-chief of the *Tokio Nishi Nishi Shinbun*. (Heavens! what a mouthful!) He gives interesting details as to the difficulties of typography in Japan. Years ago the Chinese characters used in printing were a thousand and a half; now they have risen to twelve thousand, and for their correct employment the working compositor has to have recourse to a manuscript key. As things are, only one process is required, but the ancient Japanese characters would need four. In Japan, he adds, there are eight hundred newspapers, twenty political journals appearing at Tokio alone. In the past year were published 26,965 books, comprising 4830 on law, 1183 on religious subjects, 1371 on astronomy, 1022 on music, 3000 on painting and sculpture, 813 geographical works, 615 treatises on agricultural matters, 667 dealing with industrial topics, 416 medical books, 462 novels (a small item indeed), 1381 calendars, and 982 volumes of poetry.

This is one of the most curious requests I have ever seen in a journal. It appeared in the *Spectator*.

AN ANONYMOUS DONOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I should be very glad to know the name and address of the kind friend who sends me the *Spectator*, with postmark "London, S.W."—I am, Sir, &c., S. Mawgan Rectory, S. Columb, Cornwall, Jan. 25. GEO. PORRIN.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



MISS EMMIE OWEN AS DICK WHITTINGTON, AT THE SHAKESPEARE THEATRE,
CLAPHAM JUNCTION.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

"THE CAT AND THE CHERUB," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

Photographs by Hana, Strand.



The rich merchant, Hoo King, loved his only son, the Cherub, who in turn was devoted to the black kitten "One Two."



Chim Fang, an opium-den keeper, wanted to marry Ah Yoi, the merchant's niece, but she would have none of him.



So Chim Fang kidnapped the Cherub, and when Wing Sun Luey, the lover of the girl, rescued the child, Chim Fang murdered him in the act.

"THE CAT AND THE CHERUB," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

Photographs by Hana, Strand.

"The Cat and the Cherub" still survives the risks and perils of the stage. Its production at the Lyric Theatre on Saturday evening, Oct. 30, will not readily be forgotten, for, as may be remembered, the piece had raced across the Atlantic, with "The First Born," which, so far as England was



Wing Sun Lucy's father, "the learned doctor," confronted Chim Fang over the body, and got his suspicions awakened.

concerned, was the last-born, but the first to die. "The Cat and the Cherub" deserved to survive, and it was fitting that, when its lease of life at the Lyric Theatre came to an end, to make way for "Dandy Dan," the playlet should be shifted to the Royalty Theatre to precede "Oh! Susannah!"; and it has now gone on tour, so the provincial playgoer will have a



A policeman, "the street god," passes at that moment, and the doctor props up the dead man, and talks to him with great friendliness, so that the policeman passes unsuspectingly.



His belief that the opium-den keeper was the murderer is corroborated in a cool talk he has with Chim Fang, whom he kills with a hatchet.

chance of seeing it. Mr. Holbrook Blinn still plays the part of the learned doctor, Wing Shee, in which he electrified the first-night audience last October. Mr. Ganthony has returned to America, but Mr. Julian Cross, who has succeeded him, plays the gruesome part of the opium-den keeper. The



As soon as the "street god" has gone, the doctor rises from his seat, and walks off unconcernedly, while the body of the murdered murderer, now without support, falls to the ground with a dull thud as the curtain drops.

Royalty bill, as it now stands, is an extraordinary contrast. "The Cat and the Cherub" is a terse, grim tragedy in miniature. "Oh! Susannah!" is an impossible farce, with one very real person in it—Aurora, photographically lifelike in the hands of Miss Louie Freear.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Where are the earnest students who used to tell us that the inhabitants of this island are descended from the Lost Tribes of Israel? They are missing their opportunities. Drumont, the Anti-Semitic director of popular opinion in Paris, declares that the English journals which attack the French Government for refusing a new trial to Captain Dreyfus are in the pay of the infamous "Syndicate." There is a much simpler explanation than that. We sympathise with Zola and Dreyfus in this country *because we are all Jews!* The badge of the Lost Tribes is plain to any discerning judgment in all our leading articles on this burning topic. Drumont does not see it, because even his gigantic intellect has its limits, and he has not grasped the progress of historical and ethnological research in England. How it has escaped Paul Villars, the acute correspondent of the *Figaro*, who has lived among us all these years, I cannot divine. He ascribes the unanimity of the English Press to a perfidious desire to distract the attention of France from our misdoings in Egypt, the Soudan, and China. At first, M. Villars thought that our sympathy with Dreyfus was the customary impertinence with which we meddle in affairs that do not concern us. Now he sees it is a deep-laid plot to hoodwink his countrymen, who had not noticed the total absence of all news and comment about Egypt, the Soudan, and China from our journals. We talk and print nothing save Dreyfus, and that is certainly suspicious; but how is it, my dear Villars, that upon a man of your acumen has never flashed the real reason—that we all belong to the Jewish race?

That this great idea is not already loose in Paris, like Henri Rochefort's new-born zeal for the honour of the French Army—the zeal of the patriot who has written more lampoons on military discipline than any man living—surprises me all the more when I reflect that some profound observers in the French capital perceive the greatest danger to France in the union of Jews, Protestants, and Freemasons. In the Rue Saint Dominique is the office of an amiable society of politicians, clerics, and old ladies, who are preaching a new crusade (*La Croisade Française*) against Judaism, Masonry, and Satanism. These worthy people have read horrible tales of Freemasons who practise the "Black Mass." Of course, they are in league with the Jews, and it needs no stretch of imagination in the Rue Saint Dominique to show that Dreyfus is a limb of Satan, whose inspiration of the Protestant religion is well known. Now England is Protestant; our national life is steeped in the profanity of masonic lodges; and, to crown all, we are the posterity of the Lost Tribes! What wonder, then, that we cast aspersions on the conviction of Dreyfus and applaud Zola? The astonishing thing is that the clerics and old ladies, the pious Drumont, who drew his income for years from a Jewish employer, the penetrating Millevoeye, who published the forgeries which asserted that M. Clémenceau was a British spy paid by Lord Dufferin, the whole crew who hung on the tail of Boulanger's black horse, and now rave about the honour of France—I say the astonishing thing is that this queer assortment of oracles has not yet found in our descent from the Lost Tribes the key to English sentiment!

It is a quaint notion that our interest in the Dreyfus case is an unwarrantable interference with purely French concerns. Your country, my dear Villars, is so fascinating that she must bear some of the blame for our meddlesome curiosity. Her history, her art, the incomparable gaiety of her people (though a long residence in London has, I fear, made you a trifle sombre) are ever refreshing to our souls. You forget that to some of us a holiday is no holiday unless it is spent in France. I am thinking at this moment of a jovial innkeeper in a little village on the road between Tours and Poitiers, who cooked me a brave partridge with his own hands, assured me that the railway had ruined the country, and that the cyclist, especially the English cyclist, was the herald of salvation. If Lucien Millevoeye wants another traitor in British pay, I can send him the bill for that partridge. He would see at once that the damning insignificance of the total ought to send my innkeeper to the Île du Diable. Now, suppose I hear of some misfortune to that excellent man; suppose he figures in a *cause célèbre*, and I have the perfectly honest, if mistaken, idea that injustice has been done to him. Suppose this is the opinion of some French journalists, who enforce it with a vigour which causes a widespread stir. Am I a curious impertinent if I endeavour to excite the interest of my readers in his hard fate? You may say I am biassed by the memory of the partridge; but how is my article an outrage on the independence of the French nation?

If the resentment we have excited across the Channel is to be kept at such a pitch, there may be serious embarrassments for visitors to

France. I expect that, when next I land at Calais, the *douanier* will hand me a printed list of the following questions: Are you a Jew, a Protestant, or a Freemason? Have you ever spoken or written a disrespectful word about *la chose jugée*? Do you believe in the innocence of Dreyfus? If you are not Jew, Protestant, or Mason, do you belong to any Satanic order? Have you ever made a joke about French institutions? I know it will be useless to fence with these deadly inquiries; and the *douanier*, a pupil of M. Millevoeye, will pack me off to Dover by the next boat. No doubt this system will be applied impartially to foreigners at every point on the frontier. Italians will be excluded, for they have been praising Zola with one accord for the sake of the Triple Alliance. Germans, of course, will not enter France, for has not the German Government proved the guilt of Dreyfus by denying all dealings with him? No Swiss will ever see Paris again, for even Switzerland has dared to criticise the French Minister of War. The saddest predicament will befall the Russians. Russia has the military honour of France in her keeping, and yet the *Novosti* has presumed to say that Dreyfus is blameless and that the French Government has blundered! Can it be that there is some political business from which Russia wishes to distract the attention of France? If not, why has the Russian censor permitted this singular freedom to the *Novosti*?

I would advise M. Villars to take no comfort from an article in the *Westminster Gazette*, which suggests that English opinion of the Dreyfus case is animated chiefly by the craving for sensational "copy," and that a French court-martial can be no worse than the South African Committee. When the evidence against Captain Dreyfus is as publicly discussed as the case against Mr. Rhodes, then the *W.G.* may plume itself on its parallel. Meanwhile, let M. Villars consider an English example which is rather more to the purpose. The wisdom of Mr. Justice Grantham sentenced a man to five years' penal servitude for an offence which, in the opinion of the Home Secretary, he had not committed. The sentence was summarily quashed, and the man is at liberty. That is the way we deal with *la chose jugée*, when justice has miscarried; and yet nobody raises an outcry about the honour of the Bench because a judge has been overruled. We may not be a model people in all our dealings, but the love of fair play, and a distrust of the military intellect in matters of law and evidence, are ingrained in us. That is why we are so deeply interested in the story of Captain Dreyfus. Before M. Villars reproves us again for impertinent meddling, let him ponder the reason why Voltaire took up the case of Jean Calas. He could not endure the thought that France was disgraced in the eyes of the civilised world by the odium of a judicial murder.

Have you noticed anything peculiar in the name of Lieut.-Colonel du Paty de Clam, the officer who showed the most fanatical zeal in the proceedings against Captain Dreyfus? Somehow it reminds me of something extremely indigestible, and the horrors of nightmare! Du Paty de Clam! Do you think a man with a name like that can be perfectly sane?

*All night in my dreams, in a train, or a tram,
I flee from a monster, Du Paty de Clam!
He's vague and he's fishlike—a fish from the West;
He's something I've eaten and cannot digest!
He smells of gunpowder and hatred of Jews;
He smells of clam chowder and horrible steaks!
A pâté of oyster digestion may damn—
That's only a trifle to Paty de Clam!
O give me strait-waists, or give me a dram,
To grip or to drown him, Du Paty de Clam!*

A bishop who has a poor opinion of the clergy and expresses it with great freedom—here's a portent indeed! Bishop Creighton says England is "the most extraordinary country in the world, and the clergy are the most extraordinary people in it." Every parson in his diocese expects him to preach in a particular church and "bless hassocks," to recognise that the service in that church is the only true ritual, and that the incumbent is the only living authority on canon law. "Whereas," adds the Bishop, "hardly anyone knows what canon law is!" How will the clerical mind in the diocese of London like this frankness? What will be said of Bishop Creighton's action in licensing Mr. Stewart Headlam, who has been excluded from the pulpit for years because the Bishop's predecessor, Dr. Temple, thought it improper for a clergyman to admire the ballet? The truth is that Bishop Creighton is a man of letters, and has all the contempt of a man of letters for the trumpery motives which direct the average clerical intelligence. How can a man who is writing the "History of the Papacy" have any patience with the notion that interest in the art of dancing disqualifies Mr. Headlam for the ministry? There is nothing like the little ironies of Christendom under the Popes for broadening the mind!



MISS ETHEL SYDNEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, NEW BOND STREET, W.

OSTRICH-FARMING NEAR CAIRO.

This occupation is more usually associated with Cape Colony than with Egypt, but, nevertheless, the industry in the latter country is both thriving and important. The farm on which Mr. Barrett-Hamilton took



YOUNG COCKS.

these photographs lies within half-a-dozen miles of Cairo. By "farm" do not understand neatly fenced ranges of green pastures, but in this case a vast circle of walled paddocks, a study in dingy yellows and browns. The ostrich is an interesting but somewhat dangerous species of live-stock; always stupid, generally combative, and sometimes vicious, the cock is not a bird with which it is possible to cultivate friendly relations; but in his purely domestic capacity he is a most exemplary character. He does the hard work of nest-making—that is to say, he crouches on the sand to scratch and kick out the shallow depression that contents his mate for a nursery. When the eggs, averaging fifteen in number, are laid, he relieves his wife in sitting on them at regular intervals; and when the chicks are hatched he does duty as nurse and protector, savagely attacking not only any man, but any ostrich, young or old, that may approach his precious family. Some erroneous ideas are in currency concerning the manners and customs of these birds. For long it was supposed that the cock was a polygamist, but Mr. Cronwright Schreiner has practically proved him a respectable bird, the contented husband of one wife. He traces the idea of polygamy to a curious habit which he has had many opportunities of observing in course of long experience as an ostrich-farmer. When a cock has selected his mate for the season, the pair go

off together and seek a secluded spot for their nest, and when the hen has laid her eggs, or is still doing so, unattached females whose charms have found them no husband come around and billet themselves on the pair. (Young married couples with sisters will sympathise.) These uninvited guests lay their eggs in and about the nest, and when one of the legitimate owners rises therefrom, an unseemly scramble often follows for the vacated place, much to the detriment of the eggs.

Mr. Schreiner has seen as many as one hundred and fifty eggs in one place, and many nests with from fifty to seventy eggs. The proportion of chicks hatched out from these joint-stock establishments is very small; whence it is only reasonable to infer that under natural conditions such intrusions by unmated hens do not occur, at any rate, as a regular thing. The idea that the ostrich leaves her eggs to be incubated by the sun is attributed by Mr. Schreiner to the conduct of these superfluous hens, who, when they find no nest on which they can force themselves, drop their eggs promiscuously about the country. Such eggs are inevitably spoiled; a temperature of 104 degrees Fahrenheit is required to hatch ostrich eggs, and the African sun raises the heat of the sand to upwards of 150 degrees, which is calculated to bake eggs rather than hatch them.

The cock and hen, under ordinary conditions, are singularly punctual in taking turns of duty on the nest; the male sits from about four p.m. till eight or nine in the morning, the hen then relieving him from morning till afternoon. It is to be noted that the black plumage of the cock renders him invisible at a distance of a few yards in the dusk, while the brownish-grey colouring of his mate harmonises perfectly by day with her sandy and stony surroundings.

The ostrich's appetite is proverbial. A post-mortem



OLD COCK AND HEN.



A PROMISING FAMILY.

once revealed in a cock's crop some yards of wire in short lengths, and half-a-dozen brass cartridge-cases. He had been noticed following men who were stretching a new wire fence, and had treated himself to all the clippings their work produced. This over-indulgence not unnaturally proved fatal.

The bird bears plumes worth taking in its first year, though some farmers do not approve of cutting feathers at so early an age. The ostrich is peculiar among birds in that it has no moulting season, and in its wild state sheds "ripe" feathers at all periods of the year. Hence, a few feathers only being renewed at a time, these are better-nourished than those which in the case of the tame bird all grow together to replace the plumes removed by the farmer's scissors, and thus "wild" feathers are heavier and longer than those from the domesticated bird. The business of sorting feathers for the market is one that only long experience can master, as the trade recognises some eighteen or twenty grades which differ widely in value.

c.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Twenty (from October 27, 1897, to January 19, 1898) of THE SKETCH can be had, *Gratis*, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

THE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHING CHILDREN.

The photography of children is one of the most difficult provinces of that interesting art. In landscape, for example, although there is trouble and labour in selection, and there are plenty of technical obstacles to overcome, you have at least this certainty, that Nature will keep still for you while you make arrangements at leisure. But the child is, above all possible subjects, fickle of movement. The human grown-up can steady himself by an act of voluntary self-consciousness; to trot out voluntary self-consciousness as a motive for the small child's quietness is, as a rule, to ruin the photograph.

The principal point, of course, in securing the right sort of effect is just to destroy those moments of self-consciousness in children which it was the pleasure and pride of our fathers' photographers to foster and encourage. The real charm in the pictorial record of a young existence is clearly to catch it at its highest moment of naturalness. For this reason the modern photographer does right in adapting himself to the child rather than in exacting that the child should adapt itself to him, and it is, of course, perfectly well known

that the sympathetic artist will accordingly for the moment use every effort to create a perfectly natural atmosphere in which the child may move. Reproduced herewith are, for example, two charming child-studies by Miss Alice Hughes, of Gower Street, and Miss Mabel Lomnitz.

Miss Hughes's composition is exceedingly charming. The elder of the girls has here reached an age when to pose consciously is often, as in this case, to pose gracefully, but the unconscious fascination of the two smaller children is entirely irresistible, even to the delightful finger-in-mouth of the standing child. When one remembers the bad days of old, one has to be thankful that the photography of children has become now rational, natural, and beautiful.

Miss Lomnitz, who has her studio at 26, Victoria Street, began the study of photography about three years ago, and was trained at the Polytechnic and by Reutlinger in Paris. The portrait of the extremely healthy and well-proportioned infant which is here given as a specimen of her powers has just been taken in such a moment of naturalness as has been

described above. The child is caught in an admirable attitude, with a result that entirely conceals the art of the prearrangement.



MR. WALTER JUDD'S CHILDREN.
Photographic Study by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.



A HAPPY EXPRESSION.
PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MISS MABEL LOMNITZ, VICTORIA STREET.

THE STORY OF "THE CONQUERORS."

Photographs by Byron, New York.

"The Conquerors," the play by Mr. Paul M. Potter (the adapter of "Trilby"), which made such a sensation on its production at Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre, New York, and which is to be presented in this country by Mr. George Alexander, at the St. James's, tells a startling story in four acts. The scene is placed at Dinan, in Brittany, during the evening and the night of Sept. 3, 1870, the day after the Battle of Sedan. A set of young German officers are quartered on the noble family of Grandpré. Led by Eric von Rodeck, a blackguard of the worst type, they give a supper to some "dancing-girls" from Paris. Eric proposes a toast in which he insults his foes. Yvonne de Grandpré, the beautiful daughter of the house, overhearing the words, hurls back the insult, and at the same time dashes a glass of wine into Eric's face. Eric determines to break her proud spirit. He got his chance two hours later, when Yvonne goes alone to the cabaret of the Silver Trout, to advise her brother Hugo (disguised as a Prussian) about the enemy. Eric and his friends are finishing the debauch with the dancing damsels begun in the Castle. Clearing the room of the women, he informs his comrades that he means to be avenged on Yvonne, and lowers the lights. When she enters, he chases her round the room. At last she gives up in exhaustion and hysteria, telling him to do his worst. Her words move him, for he leaves her, with his head bowed in shame. Another villain is waiting to take his place, however—the half-drunken innkeeper, who has married her foster-sister, Jeanne

*Yvonne stabbing the German Lieutenant.*

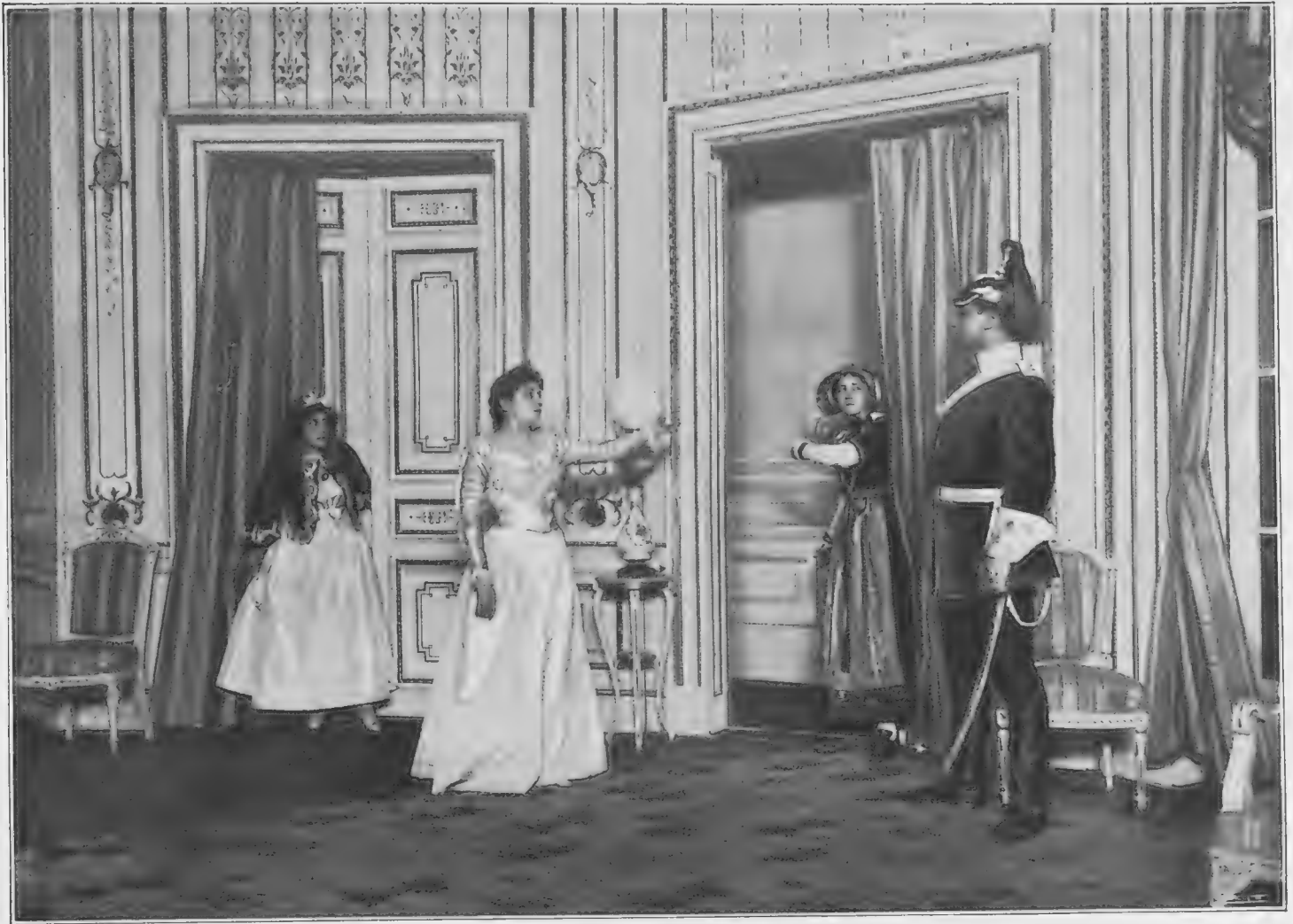
(played by Miss Blanche Walsh, who came to us in "Secret Service"), and who has been watching his chance. Stealing behind her, he grasps her by the throat, but only for a moment, when he is felled by a death-dealing blow from the penitent Eric. When Yvonne recovers consciousness, her preserver has vanished for fear of compromising her, and she fancies that it was he who committed the assault.

On meeting her brother at the castle, Yvonne tells him that the innkeeper has been murdered in a vain attempt to save her honour. Jeanne brings the knife that she has found by her husband's side, and swears to kill the murderer with it. Yvonne snatches the knife from her hands, exclaiming that she has a greater wrong to avenge. Going to the place where Eric is sleeping, Yvonne stabs him in the back, but is almost immediately seized with remorse, and, on Eric asking for a glass of water, runs to the fountain for it and holds the glass to his lips. Not only has she remorse, but her feeling changes to love for the man who, as she imagines, has ruined her. Eric assists her brother to escape, and, the facts becoming known to his General, is sentenced to be shot. Before the sentence can be carried out, however, news comes that the French army is approaching. Eric tells Yvonne that his dishonourable purpose was not effected, and is pardoned by his commanding officer on condition that he destroy a bridge and retard the enemy's approach. As Eric leaves, Yvonne declares her love for him, and, falling before a figure of the Virgin, prays for his safe return.

*The sensation in the first act, where the German officers entertain the dancing-girls and pledge France to an insult.*

"THE CONQUERORS."

Photographs by Byron, New York.



Yvonne showing her brother the door to safety.



Yvonne's brother, Hugo, about to shoot the German Lieutenant.

ABOUT BALUCHISTAN.

Baluchistan is the topic of the day, for not only has trouble broken out in that perilous part of the world, but the seizure of the ship of that name, with its cargo of arms for Persian ports, is a single incident with far-spreading issues. It is, however, of Baluchistan the country I would speak, for the rising there complicates the difficulties already raised in the frontier war with the Afridis. The scene of the latest disturbance is the Mekran, the maritime tract of country lying to the north and west of Kurrachee, and forming the southern portion of Baluchistan, where a survey party under Captain Burn, R.E., has been treacherously attacked by the tribesmen, whether for purposes of loot merely or from other motives is not at present quite clear.

The principal races in Baluchistan are the Brahuïs and the Baluchis, and, although the latter have given their name to the country, the former are the more numerous and powerful, as well as the earlier arrival in the country. A short, sturdy race, with round, flat faces, the Brahuïs wear a long, coarse, calico tunic, reaching from the shoulders

which we came into serious conflict with the Baluchis was in 1839, when our army was marching through the Bolan Pass towards Afghanistan. Since 1887, however, the country has, thanks to British influence, been considerably opened up; that was an important era in the history of Baluchistan, for it was then that the Khan of Khelat, who holds a somewhat indefinite sway over the country, granted us permission to annex Quetta, a town of considerable strategical importance, as commanding the Bolan Pass and the Pishin Valley. The Khan, in fact, became a feudatory of the Empire, and, as such, acquired a prestige that has made his authority more respected among the Sirdars, or semi-independent chiefs, of the pastoral tribes of Baluchistan. Quetta, now strongly fortified and strongly garrisoned, is connected with the Indian railway system, and is the headquarters of the British Agent, the benefit of whose counsels the Khan enjoys.

The climate of Baluchistan is one of striking extremes and of great and sudden variations. In winter it is occasionally so cold that water will freeze as it falls to the ground; in summer the heat is almost unbearable. History, indeed, quaintly depicts this in the story of the poor devil who, finding himself stationed at Sibi during the hot weather, came to a



A SUMMER ENCAMPMENT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BREMNER, QUETTA.

to below the knees, with trousers tightly puckered round the ankles, on the head a skull-cap, and round the waist a kammerband, or sash, of the same colour. In point of "cut," or style, there is little difference between the men's dress and that of the women, although the latter is usually made of some finer material, such as silk, or a mixture of silk and cotton.

Both in their personal appearance and in their dress the Baluchis present a marked contrast to the Brahuïs; they are tall, with longer and more prominent features, and they wear turbans and wide trousers, not confined at the ankles. Of a cheerful, contented, and indolent disposition, these people are not worried with any ambitious desires, and, so long as they can get from their cultivation and their spinning enough to live upon, they are perfectly happy. Inured to the extremes of season and climate, and capable of very great exertion, they live a nomadic life, spending the winter months on the plains in the vicinity of the larger towns, and returning in the summer to the hill tracts, where they pitch their tents—simple blanket coverings, made from camel and goats' hair, and intended, in the equable weather generally enjoyed at that time of year, as a protection from the sun's rays rather than from sudden storms. The cooking and any other work they may have to do are done in the open.

Until a comparatively recent date, Baluchistan was almost a *terra incognita* to Europeans, and even now a great portion of its surface (which extends to 160,500 square miles, three times bigger than England), covered as it is by sandy deserts and rugged mountains, does not commend itself to a close acquaintance. The first occasion on

definite resolution before the end of it that, if he were proprietor of Sibi and also of another place, the road to which is said to be paved with good intentions, he would rent out the former and reside in the latter. That, however, is another story!

THE QUEEN'S PROGRESS.

To-day they crowned the Fairy-Queen
With crown of cowslip gold,
And in her royal robes of green
She comes across the wold.

The herald pixies clear the way
With thorn and thistle lance:
Before her fairy pipers play,
And merry maidens dance.

The birds and flowers have flocked to see
The glittering pageant pass,
With song and shout, across the lea,
Between the blades of grass.

To-day they crowned the Fairy-Queen
With crown of cowslip gold,
And in her royal robes of green
She comes across the wold.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.



THREE GENERATIONS.



SOME INHABITANTS OF BALUCHISTAN.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BREMNER, QUETTA.

WHAT HYDRAULIC POWER CAN DO.

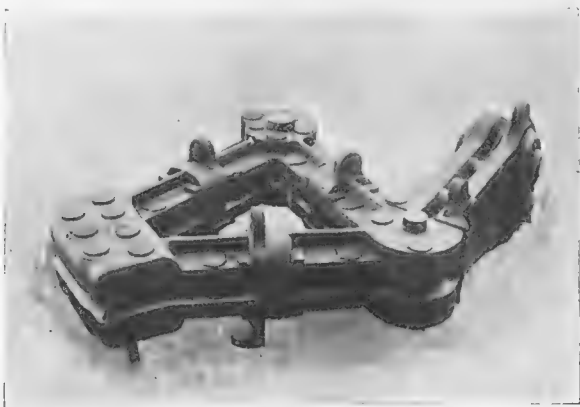
For a long time past there has been much talk concerning the "hydraulic joint"—the system of jointing tubes by hydraulic power invented by Mr. Charles T. Crowden, whose name is widely and favourably known in engineering circles as well as in the cycle and motor worlds. To put it



MR. CHARLES T. CROWDEN,
THE INVENTOR.

in the briefest possible manner, this is an ingenious method of jointing articles of tubular construction when made in large quantities (cycle frames, and the like) without solder, brazing, or heating, which are detrimental to the tubes or joints, it being necessary in the case of brazing to reinforce the joints or parts with inside tubes to strengthen the parts weakened by the heat of the brazing process. After, say, a cycle frame is brazed together, it has to be sand-blasted and filed up for enamelling, notwithstanding the parts were all finished and put together for the brazing process, they being practically spoiled by the overheating and the materials used in that process.

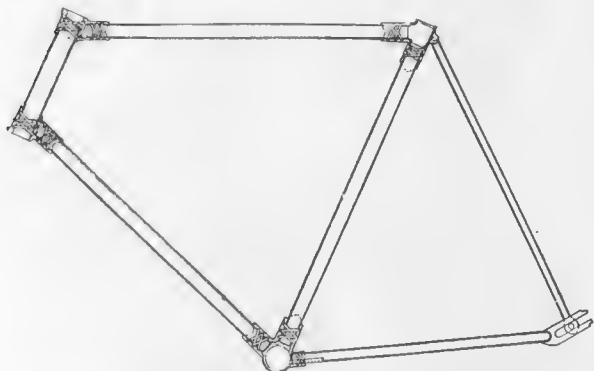
Again, a cycle frame, although perfectly true before brazing, has to be straightened or re-set, it having been distorted by the process. The hydraulic system of jointing does away with all the disadvantages of the brazing process. In the first place, no heating, spelter, borax, or solder is required. Secondly, the parts jointed by the hydraulic process are finished before the process, and when completed can be enamelled or painted.



EXPERIMENTAL MOULD, OR JIG, FOR CYCLE FRAMES.

Thirdly, the frames are all perfectly true and alike, and are not distorted by the process in any way; and, lastly, it is said that the hydraulic process means a saving of 50 per cent. in room, materials, labour, tools, &c.

All this is effected by the apparently simple process of putting a cycle frame together with special lugs, or joints having internal spiral grooves which are right and left handed. The whole frame is put into a mould, or "jig," which acts as a supporting medium; hydraulic pressure is admitted into the tubes; the tubes are forced into grooves formed in the joints; the pressure is then allowed to escape, and the

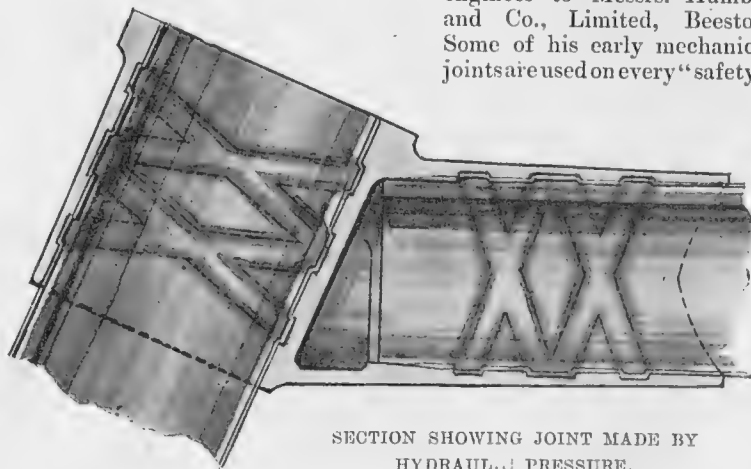


SECTION OF CYCLE FRAME, SHOWING JOINTS MADE
HYDRAULICALLY.

frame, when removed, is joined together. All joints are done by one operation. A cycle can be jointed in the space of a few minutes. The process has been here described for cycle-frame work, but it can be applied to anything of tubular construction.

Mr. Crowden began his engineering career with Messrs. Stothert and Pitt, of Bath, and during the period he was in their employ he constructed the first tangent wheel. Then he designed the dwarf bicycle, called the

"Kangaroo," and, in conjunction with the late Mr. Pausey, patented the rear-driver, and what is known as the chainless safety, which, after lying dormant for several years, was sold to the Pope Manufacturing Company, United States. Later, he patented, among other things, an invention for making cycles without brazing; for a great many years he was with Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, London; and subsequently became chief engineer to Messrs. Humber and Co., Limited, Beeston. Some of his early mechanical joints are used on every "safety"



SECTION SHOWING JOINT MADE BY
HYDRAULIC PRESSURE.

cycle now constructed. At his plan for constructing brazeless cycles he worked for some years, finally abandoning it in favour of his hydraulic system, which bids fair, in the opinion of experts, to entirely supersede brazing.

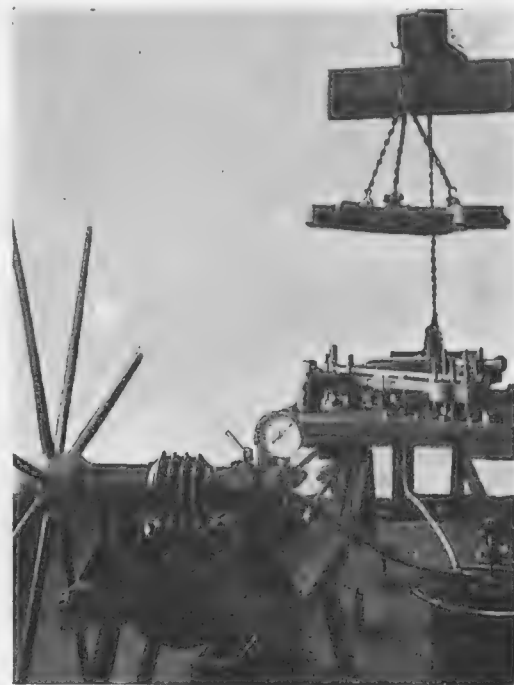
The advantages of the hydraulic system over the brazing process are numerous. The substitution of the hydraulic process for that of brazing would, we are told, set free a very large proportion of the workmen and of the space in cycle factories, thus largely increasing the output, while there would be a considerable saving in the cost of fuel, gas, and brazing materials. The head of one of our principal cycle firms has expressed the opinion that his company would save something like £40,000 a-year by the adoption of this invention; and another cycle expert has stated that the saving per frame would be nearly fifteen shillings.

Mr. Crowden has invented an apparatus with which joints can be made, either individually or all at once, by means of a similar apparatus

that could be used for expanding boiler tubes. It would then be only necessary to make a clamp to support that portion of the frame to which hydraulic pressure is applied. In the case of a multicycle, the major portion of the frame, or frames, could be jointed by hydraulic pressure in combination with a simple mechanical joint, as it would not be possible to apply hydraulic pressure to the few remaining joints. The invention can be used in a similar manner in the construction of ordnance, gun-carriages, motor-car frames, and anything of tubular construction, provided there is sufficient quantity to pay the initial cost of the necessary tools and appliances. Up to now the maximum pressure used by this process has been up to several tons to the square inch, but there is no reason why this pressure should not be doubled for the use of heavy materials, such as ordnance, &c.

It is almost impossible at this moment to estimate the extent to which this marvellous invention can be developed in the near future. There would seem to be scarcely any limit to its application.

The British rights are about to be purchased of the syndicate owning them by Mr. Ernest T. Hooley, whose intention it is to offer the patents to the public for two millions sterling. The directors of the Hydraulic Joint Syndicate include Lord Ashburton (Chairman), the Earl of Crawford, and Viscount Hood.



MR. CROWDEN'S FIRST EXPERIMENTAL
HYDRAULIC APPARATUS.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



TO PRETTY GIRLS.

If you really wish to learn to cycle, don't cuddle your teacher too tightly.



DEACON : Ah ! my friend, you must strive against this feeling of dissatisfaction ; it is one of the weaknesses of human nature that, no matter how much a man gets, he wants more.

PARTIALLY REFORMED CHARACTER : Well, I dunno' 'bout that ; not in a p'lice-court, 'e don't.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

CALEDONIANS IN LONDON.

BY A BRITHER SCOT.

"An Irishman," says Hazlitt, "is mostly vain of his person, an Englishman of his understanding, a Frenchman of his politeness—a Scotchman thanks God for the place of his birth." It is this feeling which unites Scotchmen

in London. "Sir, let me tell you," roared Dr. Johnson, "the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high-road that leads him to England." Johnson's gibe has been enjoyed by generations of Scots who have taken that "high-road" to wealth. But no sooner does the Scot settle in London than his heart travels fondly back to his native land, and, the longer he remains absent from it, the more tender become his memories. He sighs for the heather; he dreams of some lonely cottage on a bare hillside; granite Aberdeen becomes attractive to his imagination; he thinks kindly even of the east winds of Edinburgh. For everything peculiarly Scottish he develops—shall I say, cultivates?—an ardent affection. He nurses his accent, he risks his digestion



MR. WILLIAM DICK,
SECRETARY, CALEDONIAN SOCIETY.
Photo by Taylor, Queen Victoria Street.

in order to honour "the great chieftain o' the puddin'-race"; he applauds the piper whom he would have kept at a distance at home: if certain conditions are favourable, he wears a kilt. The cry of the whaup has heard even in Samoa. To Stevenson's yearning, indeed, for his native land is partly due the personal affection with which he is regarded by so many "exiled Scotchmen."

There are no more pleasant or patriotic gatherings of Scotchmen in London than those of the Caledonian Society. The society was formed sixty years ago. Its first dinner was held at Beattie's Hotel in 1838. The British Hotel, Charing Cross, and Radley's Hotel were tried in turn, and afterwards the famous London Tavern became the scene of the society's festivities, which are nowadays held at the Holborn Restaurant. A picture of the annual festival in 1847 appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. The office-bearers are seen in Highland dress, and so are the boy-pipers of the Asylum, with plumed bonnets and wide epaulettes. Her Majesty's piper marches in front, and among the ladies on the platform are "the talented Miss Birch and her sister, who delighted the company with a selection of Scottish ballads." The Caledonians are always delighted to see the braw juvenile pipers stepping sturdily around the festive table, and looking real little Highlanders with their tartans and their bonnets with upright feather. The society, which is limited to a hundred members with past-Presidents, was founded to promote good-fellowship and brotherhood, to encourage benevolent and national objects connected with Scotland, and to preserve "the picturesque garb of old Gaul." What it has done in the way of benevolence both as a society and by means of individual members may be ascertained from the history of the Scottish Hospital and the Caledonian Asylum.

Amusing stories about the picturesque garb are told in the *Chronicles of the society* by Mr. David Hepburn, himself a past-President, whose father, Mr. Robert Hepburn, is "the father of the society." When this veteran Caledonian sat to Sir Daniel Maclise for his portrait, more than forty years ago, he was six feet two inches high, and a handsome man he still looked when I heard him at a recent festival crying, "Kilted men to the front!" "Whar's yer legs?" asked an old visitor on examining his portrait. "There wasna room for them on the canvas," replied Mr. Hepburn, "but they're continued up the back." "Na, na," said the old man; "dinna tell me that; I'm nae gowk; but this I will say, that the man wha painted yon picture didna ken what he was aboot. Figure a Hielandman wi'oot his legs!" It appears that the kilt acts even as a moral agent in the treatment



MR. ALEXANDER RITCHIE,
A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.
Photo by Anderson, Dalry.

of disease. Mr. Hepburn tells a story of the late Dr. Charles Hogg, another past-President. On the occasion of a great Caledonian reunion, the doctor was, as usual, arrayed in all the splendour of his Highland dress, when an urgent messenger arrived requesting his immediate attendance at the bedside of a female sufferer. The doctor, ever ready to start at duty's call, arose, and, apologising to the assembled Caledonians, obtained the loan of the largest greatcoat that was at command, and so completely enveloped himself that even his buckles might have escaped the notice of the keenest observer. Thus attired, he presented himself in his patient's room. The case seemed a critical one, and the doctor, absorbed in his attentions, inadvertently allowed the head of his dirk to protrude between the buttons of his ample overcoat. This at once caught the eye of the sufferer, and, that curiosity which characterises the fair sex being awakened, she begged the doctor to reveal what was hidden from her view. Unable to resist this appeal, the doctor threw off the borrowed garment. The effect was magical, the lady being so charmed, especially with the red waistcoat, that from that moment her malady took a favourable turn.

The "garb of old Gaul" was insisted upon fifty or sixty years ago in the case, at least, of office-bearers. A member of committee on one occasion so far forgot himself as to appear at dinner "without the dress." For this dreadful offence, as the minutes record, he forfeited his right to a seat at the Board. The rule nowadays is less rigid. Only the President is compelled to wear the kilt. On another point the society has become stricter. Formerly Englishmen were admitted; but now Scottish blood is an essential requirement for a Caledonian. The society continues to be convivial. It cannot, however, live up to the style of the old days, when the "good-fellowship" was frequently prolonged to "some wee, short hour ayont the twal." At the festival at Radley's Hotel, Bridge Street, Blackfriars, in 1843 there were fifteen toasts, whereas at the dinner last Burns's day there were only eight, and probably the ladies whose feet fidgeted for the dance wished the list were still shorter. This society, by the way, claims to have initiated the custom of inviting ladies to sit at table at public banquets.

Some interesting practices are observed by the Caledonians. For instance, when the retiring President goes up to the high table at the festival to receive the society's medal, he is accompanied by all the kilted members, and, when the medal has been pinned to his predecessor's coat, the President of the year draws his dirk. This he holds aloft and each kilted man touches it twice with his own weapon. Some handle the dirk as if to the manner born; others cannot conceal from themselves that they are play-acting. The Caledonians have their own fashion of honouring a toast. They clap their hands three times and then raise them and cheer; this they do thrice, and wind up with three additional cheers, meanwhile waving their hands on high.

Besides the annual festival on Burns's anniversary, the Caledonians meet in winter at several "little dinners." It is at these informal little dinners that the fun runs fastest. Everything is free and easy, and everything is reminiscent of Scotland. There are various Scottish dishes—minced collops and eggs, sheeps' heads, and black and white puddings. Haggis is digested with a "wee drappie o' Glenlivet." You may hear an old Scotchman in high position asking the bewildered waiter for "some mair champit tatties." Along with the cheese there are "fairs o' cakes," and at the end of the dinner you are told that "noo ye can hae a reek and a wee drappie mair o' Glenlivet, het or cauld." The cloth is removed, and huge tumblers for the toddy are put down. Donald Mackay, the beadle—worthy man!—offers you a pinch from a great snuff-mull. This is the gift of a past-President, Mr. J. Nisbet Blyth, and is finely decorated with scenes from "Tam o' Shanter."

The brither Caledonians enjoy a "crack" about "auld" times. Stories are told of eccentric village characters, a song may be heard about "the wee drappie whisky, oh! whisky oh!" and tender love-ditties are sung by veterans out of whom half-a-century of London work has failed to drive the romance. Thus, with chat and song and story, arranged by the President of the year and the honorary secretary, Mr. William Dick—a dooce man with humour hiding in his eye—the evening passes pleasantly.

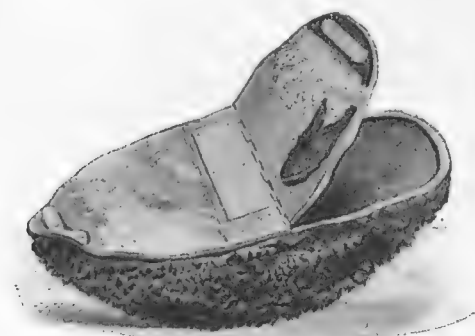
Clannish, of course, the Scotchmen are. And equally true is it that they have a good conceit of themselves. They feel entitled to that



MR. ROBERT HEPBURN,
"FATHER OF THE SOCIETY."
Painted in 1857 by Sir Daniel Maclise.

conceit. Who would not be born a Caledonian? "You would think," sneers Hazlitt, apropos of a gathering of Scots, "there was no other place in the world but Scotland, but that they strive to convince you at every turn of its superiority to all other places. Nothing goes down

but Scotch magazines and reviews, Scotch airs, Scotch bravery, Scotch hospitality, Scotch novels, and Scotch logic." Someone at a literary dinner in Scotland had apologised for alluding to the name of Shakspeare so often, because he was not a Scotchman. "What a blessing," exclaims the essayist, "that the Duke of Wellington was not a Scotchman, or we should never have heard the last of him!" In the



THE SOCIETY'S SNUFF-MULL.

opinion of the Caledonians this was the Duke's only defect. They sympathise with the story of the Scot who, having tried in vain to prove that Palmerston was one of his countrymen, exclaimed at last, "Weel, weel, if his lordship is not a Scotchman, he has abeelities enough to warrant him in being one."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

In his new work on the Epistle to the Ephesians (Murray), Canon Gore touches with characteristic courage on certain modern problems. He maintains that there is a radical difference between men and women. While he admits that women have very often greater quickness of apprehension and memory, greater power in learning languages, greater artistic sensibility, he contends that they are conspicuously inferior in the constructive imagination, in creative genius, in philosophy and science. Even though they were as well-educated as men, the result would not be to disprove this, for women have had a better and more continuous education in poetry, music, and painting than men, and yet almost no women have taken a first place in any of these walks. To maintain that men and women are only physiologically different is to run one's head against a brick wall of fact and science. He supports his position by quotations from George Romanes and Havelock Ellis.

The new number of the *Quarterly Review* has interesting if somewhat enigmatic notes on two of its former editors—Gifford and Lockhart. The *Quarterly* is angry with Mrs. Oliphant for her description of Gifford in her "Literary History of England," and curiously says that the description "almost suggests—we say so with great hesitation—that she was looking in the glass when she wrote it." It partly excused her on the ground that she was brought up in the traditions of Scotch Liberalism, and that some odour of it clung to her through life. The *Quarterly* admits that Lockhart was an excellent editor, and says that, though connected all his life with the chief organs of high Toryism in the kingdom, he seems to have had little sympathy with their politics. Before he became editor of the *Quarterly*, he wrote to his friend Archdeacon Williams: "I am sure you loathe Croker and Southey's politics as much as myself." At that time the politics of the *Quarterly* were inspired by Canning, and Lockhart had to swallow Croker and Southey at one mouthful when he took the *Quarterly*.

"The Confession of Stephen Whapshare," by Emma Brooke (Hutchinson), is not an exhilarating or powerful story. It is the old tale of a man marrying a woman mentally and physically quite uncongenial. Stephen Whapshare has the powerful body and the powerful mind. Mrs. Whapshare has some delicate beauty at first, but it soon fades. She becomes a chronic invalid, loses her hair, develops a tendency to stoutness, and has narrow views on religion and literature. Stephen Whapshare takes her into the country for her health, and trundles her in a bath-chair when he is not discharging his duties as a schoolmaster. A young lady who would just have suited him, with grey eyes, broad views, and a remarkable turn for conversation, benevolently settles in the same place, and gives the husband and wife as much of her company as she can. The result is that one night Stephen Whapshare gives his wife an overdose of her narcotic, and she dies. The news of her death is received like the similar news of the editor of the *St. Johns' Gazette*, and Mr. Barrie's "My Lady Nicotine." However, on further reflection, Stephen Whapshare thinks that he has gone a little too far, and does not marry the grey-eyed girl, who disappears to another part of the country. His reflections, meditations, and reparations are of a somewhat obscure but apparently quite orthodox character.

It is rare enough that a biographer stands in so much awe of the personality he is treating as to dread his imagined judgment in the shades. Surviving relatives and the army of critics are mostly the objects of fear. But Dr. Jessopp, in his newest book, declares, "I would not, for all that this world could give, pass into that other world, the world of spirits blest, fearing to meet my great teacher and master and friend, Dr. John Donne, as I should fear to meet him if consciously I had borne false witness here—against him or for him." In his *Life of Donne* (Methuen), he has, perhaps, striven overmuch to present straightforwardly and fitly the facts of his subject's career—overmuch for the

general and the slipshod reader, that is. But he admirably fulfils one chief part of his modest purposes—to dot the "i's" and stroke the "t's," and correct the error of detail in Walton's famous *Life*, which he rightly classes with the "Agricole" of Tacitus as "biography in literature which can never be superseded." For a general and modern survey of Donne we must still go to Mr. Gosse. Dr. Jessopp deals with him as a great Churchman, a leader of religion. He does not care much for his poetry, he owns. This is rather a pity, even for his present book with its limited intention; for the peculiarities and the extent of Donne's intellectual nature were more evident in his verse than in his prose sermons and essays. But what a man could do as an Anglican Churchman, a parish priest, and the Dean of a great cathedral who was meant by nature to be a great thinker, is presented very ably by his newest biographer, who may go into his master's presence confident that he has borne neither false nor shallow witness for or against him, though he have not sounded all his depths.

We have a critic among us of more than common seriousness, of more than common patience. Mr. Adolphus Alfred Jack a year or so ago devoted a small volume to the consideration of Thackeray. Now he brings out another called "Essays on the Novel" (Macmillan), which, in spite of its comprehensive title, deals only with fiction as illustrated by Scott and Miss Austen. Apparently he has life before him, and is in no hurry to make up his mind finally on the perfect conditions, the limitations, and the destiny of imaginative prose literature. He has a terrible habit of beginning at the beginning of things, which is a very different matter from going to the root of them. I have never made such slow journeys in any critic's company as in his. But truth compels me to say I have made many more profitless ones. It is fatiguing to march at so even a pace, to be allowed to omit no step or path in the reasoning on the ground we have been there before. But if the reader be gifted with equal patience, he gets somewhere worth reaching in the end. With a commonplace style and a laboured method, the critic makes points that are not commonplace, and examines the novel of incident, the novel of character, and the novel of manners in an extremely independent spirit, upsetting the shallow and smart and conventional dicta on these in a refreshing fashion, and as bluntly stating the weaknesses of the masters as he contradicts the hasty judgments of their readers. It is good now and again to come upon a young writer who is so confident as Mr. Jack that the world is leisurely and patient and earnest-minded, and who makes not one affected effort to amuse it with flippancy. And—manner is so much in its influence on readers—who knows but that a dozen or so here and there, seeing his laborious attempts to show what the novel may be and should be and has never yet been, may be struck with the idea that, after all, fiction is a serious matter, demanding some thinking and some respect as a reflection of the most serious thing of all—life itself?

o. o.



CALEDONIAN ASYLUM CHILDREN.

Photo by Charles Long, Bow Road, E.

VANISHING ETON.

Not the College! *Absit omen!* For does not every old Etonian cheer lustily every "Fourth" as the time-honoured aspiration "*Floreat Etona!*" flashes out in letters of fire over the brown waters of the Thames as the "boys" row home from Surly? And does not, too,



THE OLD SUN INN, HIGH STREET, ETON.

Photo by Kissalk, Eton.

every old Etonian hold loyally with Mr. Gladstone that Eton is still, as it was when Arthur Hallam and the future greatest man of his century walked lovingly together in the Playing Fields, the "queen of visible homes for the ideal schoolboy"? Not the College, but the quaint old High Street, is, if not exactly vanishing, at least being gradually "improved" out of knowledge. We say gradually advisedly, for the worst enemy of Eton cannot lay the sin of rash iconoclasm to its charge. For the most part the old High Street, from Windsor Bridge to Barnes' Pool, whose bank, if we may call it so, is rich in memories of "sock" shops: Webber's, Trone's—and "Dickie" Merrick's watch-shop—remains pretty much the same generation after generation. But here and there the spirit of the reformer makes itself felt, and queer old buildings are demolished, to be superseded by more convenient if more prosaic structures.

Many an old Etonian, not in London only, where, perhaps, as he makes his way to Westminster for the opening of Parliament, he echoes Winthrop Mackworth Praed—once "A happy boy at Drury's"—and mutters below his breath as he thinks of eagle-eyed constituents watching for him to lapse from his duty—

I wish that I could run away
From House, and Court and Levee,
Where bearded men appear to-day
Just Eton boys grown heavy—

but in distant colonies and a thousand nooks and corners of the earth, will remember the quaint old Sun Inn, and will be interested and, perhaps, a little sorry, to hear that it has just been pulled down, and is to be replaced by a brand-new building, "replete," no doubt, with "every modern improvement," yet lacking, inevitably, the interest of the grim, squat, old-world place of which a photograph is given.

The old Sun must often have known what it was to have Thames water in its cellars as well as Ashby's famous beers, for, like Brer Rabbit, it "lay low," and when the floods were out, as shown in the illustration, the two steps leading into the old-fashioned bar must have led to water-invaded depths. The Sun was three centuries old, with secret doors which have only been discovered during demolition, heavy arched oak beams, and a curious old ceiling in the bar, of perpendicular crossed laths, fastened with willow twigs. There were quaint old cupboards, too, movable, but

not to be taken off the premises, as they had plainly been built in the rooms, and were too large to be thrust or coaxed through door or window. In 1766 the house was occupied by "Walter, Beer beadle," obviously an official of the College authorities, to whom the old tavern belongs; and, among other tenants, it was subsequently occupied by Mr. Davenport for twenty-eight years; but neither he nor the present tenant, Mr. Bennett, had any notion that there were secret doors or any such romantically suggestive details in the building. But, as Thérèse used to sing, "*Rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur!*" The Sun was a very popular house with Mr. Thomas Atkins, from the Victoria or the Cavalry Barracks, in adjacent Windsor, and if any of our redecoats in the neighbourhood of the Khyber Pass or in the Sad Soudan see this photograph of the old tavern, it will furnish them with some cheery memories—let us hope it will not add nostalgia to their other troubles. And if the gay and gallant Guards at "Gib" pore over the page, I fear it will make them more discontented than ever with their exile, if that is possible.

A GHASTLY GRAVEYARD.

A study of the funeral customs that continue to prevail, even at the close of the nineteenth century, among the different nations of Europe is weird enough. At Las Palmas, in the Canary Islands, there is a charnel-house whose horrors resemble those of the pits into which the dead were thrown in the old days when London was stricken by the Plague. In the centre of the cemetery is a huge trench, surrounded by a wall, where the poor are buried in a heap together. When the trench is full and more space is needed, the gravediggers empty it by the simple process of taking out coffins and bodies and casting them over the wall into the sea, where they remain washed up and down among the shingle on the beach, presenting a horrible spectacle. This treatment of the dead is all the more remarkable since the inhabitants are Roman Catholics, and it seems strange that any civilised Government should allow such a system to continue. There can hardly be any superstition at the root of the practice, though that is often the cause of very curious funeral arrangements. Mr. Leslie Stephen has described a retired village in Switzerland, where the entrance to the church was flanked by two bodies of deceased parishioners who had been born on Christmas Day, and, therefore, were considered to be exempt from the natural law of decay. But he was forced to conclude either that the legend was a false one or that these persons must have been born on some other day.



HOW THEY BURY THE DEAD AT LAS PALMAS.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Far Eastern Question is one on which it is easy to darken counsel by words without knowledge, and this would seem to be precisely the occupation of the newspapers of the world. Is England being jockeyed out of her trade and treaty rights, and is Russia triumphantly ruling over China? Have we secured the loan and shut out Russia and France from encroachments on the Celestial Empire? Is Germany acting with Russia, or only trying to? Is France going to back up Russia and Germany, or Russia only, or neither? Are we allied with Japan, and, if so, how much? Finally, are the rumours, favourable or adverse, mere fabrications of the Chinese to play European States off against one another in the style at which the Sultan is an adept?

Nobody can say, at present. Our good friends the German journalists denounce us for greedy and uncontrollable aggression one day, and for pusillanimous shrinking and retreat the next day. "We don't expect grammar at the Vic.," said the audience; "but you might jine your flats!" Truth and the Continental scribe have long been two; but a

superior resource and personality. For the Japanese warriors China was a chopping-block. It afforded practice at war rather than real hard fighting. Would the Japanese turn out a match in stubbornness for the Russian? Till that question is resolved nobody exactly likes to go to war against or in alliance with Japan.

And it is within the bounds of possibility that, when the negotiations are unveiled to a prying public, we may see not only that there will be no war, but that there was never any striking danger of war. The Germans have made their grabbed harbour a free port; and if the Russians, while occupying Port Arthur, use it merely as an exchange and railway terminus, there can be no objection to another treaty port in its neighbourhood. The demand of Russia for an ice-free harbour as a terminus for her great railway is a natural one, and can well be granted, if it is not to be made the pretext for excluding British trade by underhand pressure on the Chinese authorities. To prevent our exclusion from that part of China, a neighbouring port has been chosen. It will in no way interfere with the Russian plans for Port Arthur, in so far as they are avowed and legitimate, for a treaty port is free to all the world. It is possible that the choice of Talienwan was dictated by



THE KAISER'S NEW AMERICAN-BUILT YACHT, THE "YAMPA."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SYMONDS, PORTSMOUTH.

certain consistency of statement might be looked for. Even Ananias and Sapphira tallied in their amounts; whereas the Elders in Susannah's case—but that is another story.

The facts as known admit of very varying interpretations. Our Ministers have used strong language about going to war, if necessary, to preserve our trade with China; but they go about with a serenity that implies very little actual risk of war. If a near conflict were really apprehended, it would be culpable imprudence, to say the least, to leave our fleet on the China station inferior to its possible foes, and, indeed, barely equal to the Russian fleet alone. A Russo-French allied squadron would, indeed, like all allied forces, be of the strength of the weaker part of it; but, with the best of will, our fleet, if it obeyed Nelson's dictum and closed with the Frenchman, would be in no condition afterwards to "outmanœuvre the Russian," as Nelson would have had to do but for that unfortunate accident to Czar Paul.

On the other hand, Japan can only take one side in any conflict; and Japan's ships are new and powerful, and would be handled with good skill. Exactly how much grip and steadiness there is in the Japanese soldiers and sailors is an unknown quantity. And here comes in the marvellous endurance and tenacity of the Russian, in which he fully equals the Englishman, though in the past the Englishman beat him by

consideration for Russia rather than hostility. Port Arthur is the more important place, but to claim this as a treaty port would have invited a conflict; to ask for the opening of another neighbouring town is merely to secure a foothold for the trade of the world, so that it may not be shut out from an extensive district by anything short of open violence.

But Oriental diplomacy—which includes a good slice of Russian methods as well as all the Chinese—does not rely upon reason and law, but on power and prestige. It is as well, therefore, that Russia should not be encouraged to be overbearing, or China to surrender to bullying. For this purpose it will be well to strengthen the British fleet in Chinese waters till it is obviously equal to taking on the rest; and, until this is done, let it sail round with some parade and appear with the Japanese fleet at properly chosen points. That would impress Asiatics, who like, or at any rate respect, something they can see.

An ounce of ironclad is worth a ton of speeches.

MARMITON.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Feb. 9, 6.2; Thursday, 6.4; Friday, 6.6; Saturday, 6.7; Sunday, 6.9; Monday, 6.11; Tuesday, 6.13.

In Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, the Golden Girl wears bloomers and reigns supreme. On a fine Sunday afternoon—for the City of the Golden Gate is very Continental in its habits—great numbers of lady



THE BLOOMER GIRL.

Photo by Burke, Christchurch, New Zealand.

cyclists, generally attired in bloomers and riding diamond-frame machines in regular scorching style, may be seen. They even aspire to tandems, triplets, and quads, making the pace merry for those of the sterner sex mounted on ordinaries.

Mr. W. E. Ritchie, the well-known "Tramp Cyclist," writing from Liverpool, says—

Your correspondent gives the impression (Jan. 19) that all cyclists in the States carry horns. Such is not the case. On the contrary, horns are strictly forbidden, a lamp and bell being all that is required. The picture which you reproduced shows ten chorus-girls in the New York Casino's "Belle of New York" Company, and was taken for advertising purposes.

In two cycling contemporaries of *The Sketch* the question is asked this week by correspondents, "What is the right height for a bicycle saddle?" Neither of the two editors deigns to answer the inquiry. Possibly they consider such puerile questions beneath contempt; but why publish them at all if they are not to be answered? Certainly one would have thought that by now the veriest tyro knew that the

height of the saddle should be regulated solely by the length of the rider's reach. In order to ascertain this length of reach, he should sit upright in the saddle and then depress one pedal to its lowest point. If, when the pedal is in this position, the rider can place his toe freely underneath it, the height of the saddle is correct.

According to the *Hub*, Sir Andrew Reed, the chief of the Royal Irish Constabulary, has recently issued a circular, in his own name, permitting cyclists to use the public footpaths in Ireland. Surely there must be some mistake here—or is the law in Ireland so different in this respect from English law? If it be true, then is the Emerald Isle anything but a "distressful country" to the cyclist.

Apropos of the footpath question, I should be glad to learn why I am liable to be fined if I ride my bicycle on that space of road set apart for the peculiar use of pedestrians, and yet nursemaids are permitted to wheel their perambulators thereon with impunity, no matter how much they may incommode the foot-passengers. If bicycles are forbidden on footpaths—and I consider it quite right they should be—it is only just and fair that the same law should forbid perambulators. When two "prams" meet, their attendant maids invariably stop to gossip, the footpath is blocked in consequence for an indefinite period, and the pedestrian is forced into the muddy road.

The question has recently arisen in the Police Courts as to what constitutes a footpath; and in this matter the powers that be seem to differ. A Warrington cyclist was charged with riding on the footpath, but in his case the summons was dismissed, on the ground that there was no kerbstone, and consequently no footpath. Shortly afterwards, a similar case came before the Chester magistrates, when the like plea was put in, but this time without success, the authorities deciding that it makes no difference whether there is a kerbstone or not, provided the path is well defined. So, presumably, it depends on the opinion of the magistrate whether or not a footpath is a footpath. Of course, in towns the distinction is well marked, but, riding along country roads, I have often myself been in doubt whether a tempting strip of smooth and dry surface by the roadside could or could not be legally said to constitute a footpath.

A friend tells me that he lately witnessed an "amusing incident" in Park Lane. A lady, he says, was calmly cycling along behind a water-cart, when suddenly the driver pressed the button, and, of course, the water did the rest, for the lady, in endeavouring to stop her machine, fell under the spray, and the driver, realising vaguely that something had happened, pulled up with a jerk, without, however, turning off the water. For fully a minute the unfortunate victim writhed about under the spray, too wet to get up, too terrified to scream. Then the ubiquitous "officer" came to the rescue. My informant adds that he himself was too far away to render assistance. I sincerely hope that he was.

"Bicycle weddings" having become of too frequent occurrence for special mention, a contemporary now reports a "bicycle christening," which is said to have been held in the family of a certain German nobleman! Some eighty relatives and friends were invited, all of whom came awheel, and formed in procession, headed by a bath-chair cycle in which were seated the nurse and child. I feel that before long I shall be called upon to describe a cycling funeral, in which the motor-hearse is followed by a train of black-biked mourners. Has no ingenious novelty-monger yet had the courage so to honour a departed relative?

All naval cyclists are not like the jolly tars recently pictured by Mr. Raven-Hill in these pages. This photograph shows the acting sub-lieutenants in the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth. Those in flannels have just returned from the gunnery classes at Whale Island.



CYCLING CADETS OF THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, PORTSMOUTH.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN CRIBB, SOUTHSEA.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RUGBY FOOTBALL IN PARIS.

The Cooper's Hill fifteen crossed over to Paris at the end of last month and played their return match with the Stade Français, the French champions, on Sunday, Jan. 30. Both clubs have very good records this season, and the meeting attracted a large gathering of spectators. A capital game was witnessed and the result was a draw—one goal each.



THE FRENCH TEAM.

Photo by Chiesi, Paris.

A Cooper's Hill man writes: "The French have certainly improved since last year, and the team was stronger than the one they played against us before. Individually, the French are strong, smart, and tackle well; but the forwards should play more together and not so wildly. The backs could improve their combination and kicking a lot." In the evening the teams dined together at the Café de Gillet, and next day the students returned to Cooper's Hill, loud in their praise of French hospitality.

The Frenchmen pay their first visit to Scotland next week, when a strong combined team from the different Paris clubs will play Edinburgh on Saturday, Feb. 19, and Glasgow on Feb. 21. The usual Franco-Scottish Rugby match will be played in Paris on Easter Monday, and will take the place of the ill-fated Charity Bazaar.

RACING NOTES.

The Prince of Wales will be often seen on our racecourses this year, although he will be unable to patronise English racecourses before the Epsom Spring Meeting. His Royal Highness seldom misses a Newmarket Meeting, and, of course, he goes to Ascot, Goodwood, and sometimes to Sandown. He is very partial to Kempton, where there is a cosy royal box, which, by-the-bye, is thrown open for the use of Club members when none of the royal family are present. I expect Mr. S. H. Hyde thinks the Shah of Persia will be along this way again presently, as the kitchen-range which was erected for the use of his dusky Majesty in one of the retiring-rooms remains intact.

Our race-cards might easily be much improved. I think in all cases the times of the return trains should be printed on race-cards. Again, a list of the best hotels in the town and the easiest way to get to and from these should be given, together with the tariff. If, in addition, a page of the card were devoted to describing local objects of interest, the pasteboard would be made worth the sixpence charged for it. I am bound to confess that racecourse officials, up to the present, have not displayed overmuch enterprise in the management of their business; now is the time for them to wake up.

I am told that many of the big City men who own racehorses are suffering just now from a slump in the share market, and one or two who on paper are millionaires are very hard up for the want of a few thousand pounds of ready cash. Of course, the Sport of Kings is an expensive pastime. Trainers must be paid. Then there are the entry fees, travelling fees, and jockeys' retainers and refreshers, to say nothing of the debts of honour; so that, unless a man has plenty of ready-money, the Turf is not the place for him, as scrip is not a travelling asset where racing is concerned.

Many heavy starting-price coups have been worked of late in the case of horses engaged in little selling hurdle-races. I heard of a case a few days back where a horse was backed in Manchester to win many thousands, and yet the starting-price was returned at 100 to 8 and the sporting papers of the next day said the winner was unbacked. It

seems that in London and Manchester one or two big bookmakers will undertake these jobs; but, after getting the order from their clients, they (the professionals) turn layers and get a good profit out of their brother bookies.

The acceptances for the Spring Handicaps are highly satisfactory, and I think we shall see some good racing in the early weeks of the season. For the Lincoln Handicap Pedant seems to have a chance on the book; so has Sardis, who is an erratic customer. The men of observation at Newmarket fancy Not Much, who has won such races and is said to be an improved animal. It may be that Knight of the Thistle was left in to keep the weights down, and in his absence I should certainly recommend Robinson's best, and just now I give the preference to Pedant over Prince Barcaldine, although the last-named, on the handicap, holds General Peace quite harmless.

Manifesto must become a very warm favourite for the Grand National, as he jumped the Gatwick country like a cat last week, and the horse is in his very best form just now. Cathal may get over the country, as he has quieted down in his work of late. Come Away I should like to see win just for the sake of auld lang syne, but I cannot fancy that he will stand a preparation. Timon, Biscuit, Filbert, Barcalwhey, Ford of Fyne, The Soarer, and Prince Albert are a little lot that can be relied upon to get the country, bar accidents. I expect to see almost a record field, but I think the race a good thing for Manifesto.

I should not be at all surprised to see Soliman repeat his victory of last year in the Great Metropolitan, although he certainly had a leg when I saw him in the Birdcage at Newmarket just before the race for the Cesarewitch. Now that Count Schomberg has gone out from the Chester Cup, Merman, despite his weight, is likely to have followers. Bay Ronald is very likely to be all the rage for the City and Suburban directly the betting opens, although the handicap, which is made on the flattering scale, is a bit of a puzzle. I am very pleased to see such a good average acceptance for the Jubilee Stakes, which will, I think, be a good speculative medium. Dinna Forget, with 7 st. 7 lb., is in at a very dangerous weight.

CAPTAIN COE.

ANGLING.

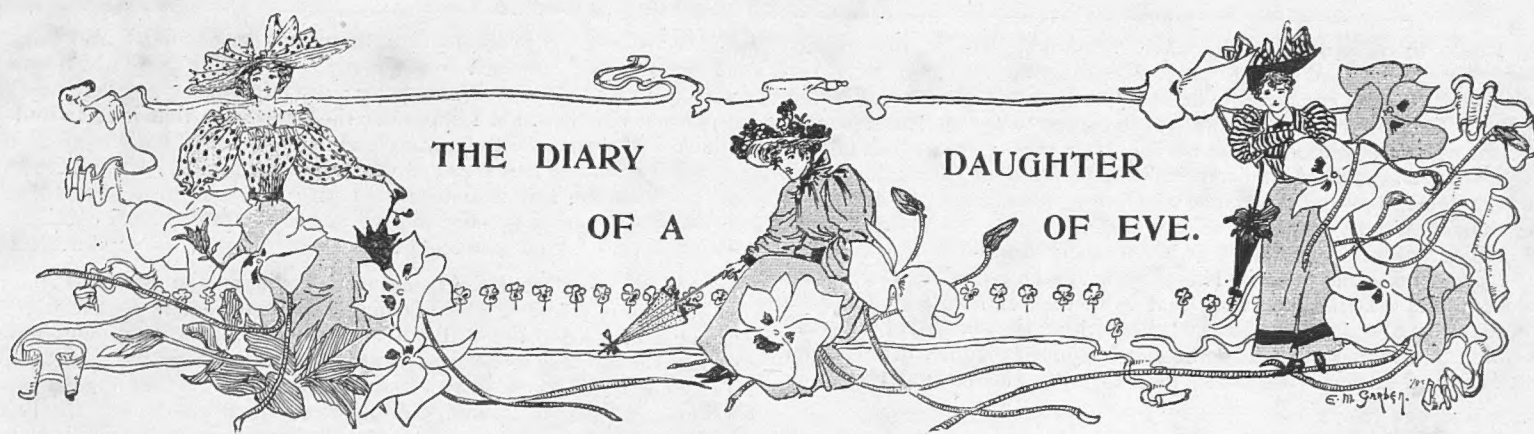
A twenty-six pounds pike is the latest angler's prize afforded by the Thames; it was caught with a dace by Dr. Turrell near Oxford a few days ago. It is many years since a pike of this size was taken in the river; the last one at all approaching it was caught near Henley in the 'seventies—a twenty-three and a-half pound fish. These fish, however, are mere infants beside some of those recorded by old writers. In 1797 a forty-pound pike, three feet six inches long and two feet in girth, was taken in a pond at Totteridge in Herts. In June 1799, when the lake at Sumner Castle, Lincolnshire, was drained, Sir Cecil Wray's men took one weighing forty-seven pounds; in connection with this fish it is worth noting that the lake had been "laid dry" twenty-two years before. In an old volume of the *Sportsman and Veterinary Recorder* (1835) I find it stated that a pike weighing one hundred and seventy pounds was taken when draining a large pool at Lillishall lime-works in Staffordshire. No date is given; but even if it were, I should be disposed to



THE ENGLISH TEAM.

Photo by Chiesi, Paris.

think a figure had slipped in by mistake. A seventy-pounder I could manage with an effort, but one hundred and seventy—no! In the same work occurs a curious anecdote of a pike's greedy indiscretion. At Trentham one of these fish seized the head of a swan groping for weed in the shallow, and both were killed.



Monday.—Diana is a wonderful woman; there is nothing on earth or in heaven that she does not know, especially in relation to costume; but, perhaps, the details of costume in the celestial regions are not elaborately difficult to master. She came in this afternoon in all the glory of a new black net hat traced with silver, and almost before she had greeted me

locks down to the feet; but you have first to catch your hair before you can cook it to such outward seeming. Diana continued—"The hair will be brushed over cushions high from the forehead, setting out also from the nape of the neck, and where it meets in the centre you may either coil it, or turn the ends one against the other, and decorate it with



MRS. RALEIGH'S WHITE TEA-GOWN AND RED CLOTH WALKING-DRESS.

in conventional fashion announced that she knew all about the coming coiffure, and that, in consideration of a cup of hot tea without any sugar being given to her, she would break the bonds of confidence which held her to her informant, a Parisian of undoubted knowledge.

"I hear, Virginia," she said gravely. "the hair will not be worn in the nape of the neck, neither will it be worn on the crown of the head." This was interesting. I immediately pictured it hanging in flowing

diamonds or flowers. 'Pompadour' is the cry of the hour. Furthermore, when you have arrived at this, you are to wear your hats far back from your face; a complete revolution, is it not, from the brims setting on to your nose? Of course, you will adore it. I know you always adore the latest style. So do I." This is the first duty of woman. I am not certain it is not her entire decalogue. Then Diana went on impressively—"You are to continue to tumble over your frocks in

the front, to permit them by their abnormal length to entwine themselves round and about your feet as you walk, so that you look as if you had erroneously donned the gown of your taller sister. And now I want my tea. I think I have earned it." And she devoured her tea, while I devoured her new frock. It was an excellent one of blue cloth—Diana says Frenchwomen wear only blue or black for their outdoor costumes—and the coat, which was trimmed with strappings worked round into scrolls, was cut in one with the short, square epaulettes, and the skirt had these patterns of strappings worked from the waist down to the knees. The waistcoat had a frill of real lace down the front, and over it Diana wore that sable cape of hers which I have been envying her now for many months, with its shaped frill of sable and its lining of lavender brocade. She and I rejoiced together over the fact that Julia had taken her departure to Brighton. I had a note from her

meals are over. Such delicate attentions as Scrubbs' Ammonia and Cherry Blossom Powder I found in my room by the packet. Why I am writing to you I cannot remember; my late illness has left my brain somewhat muddled, but I am under the impression that it is to tell you I have just seen a most charming girl in green plaid with a black cloth coat and a leather belt fastened with a metal buckle. I think it is your duty to take the very next train and give me your professional opinion as to its charms. I promise to give you my unprofessional opinion as to yours.—Always your brother-in-law,
"ARTHUR."

Saturday.—Here is the spring come again, as the poet has it. It is a little before its time, which is singularly inconvenient to the wardrobe of most of us, for the brilliant sunlight will obtrusively point out the golden spots in our sealskin coats and every pin-hole in our velvet toques. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks to giving the weather a really cordial welcome, we cheerfully and shabbily went in our numbers to the Private View of Miss Ella Du Cane's water-colour drawings at Graves's Gallery, in Pall Mall. Miss Du Cane has had the privilege of painting attractive portions of the gardens of the Queen, and also various views dear to the heart of the Princess of Wales. She is a charming artist, with or without such royal patronage, and she has a dainty sense of colour.

I met a great many folks I knew, all of them greeting me apologetically with "Don't look at my frock!" Of course, I did at once. I always take it as the greatest tribute to my critical judgment that the moment I meet any woman she instinctively pats her hair and looks at her frock to see how it sets. There were two new spring costumes in the room to-day; undoubtedly new, they were glossily conscious of their novelty. One was of bright-blue cloth, the bodice cut in one, with short epaulettes very straight and severe across the figure, with huge patterns of black guipure applied on to either side; the skirt on the latest principles, crossed on the left hip, and with three pipings of black silk down one side and round the top of the flounce at the back. A little ivory lace was worn at the throat, and the toque was made of a polyglot bird whose plumage had been culled from many countries. Its chest was green, its head was yellow, its tail hailed from Paradise, and its wings from—the saints alone know where—a pigeon, I think. Anyhow, it was a beautiful hat, and well worn too, not too far on the forehead, and showing beneath it a well-waved head of hair. The other notable costume had a black and white checked skirt, and a coat of black cloth made in the simplest style of covert-coat, and crowned with a hat somewhat of the Punchinello shape in jet, with a couple of black ostrich feathers at one side. The coat revealed a waistcoat of pleated white chiffon, yellow lace, and black velvet ribbons—an excellent costume altogether for a half-mourner—or a complete rejoicer.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

KITTY (Carlsruhe).—There is much talk of wearing the hair down in the nape of the neck; there is also some talk from Paris of wearing it in the Pompadour style; but in the meantime everybody in London continues to wear it in that exceedingly ugly knob on the top of the head, decorating it in the evening with feathers or flowers, or both.

TWO HUNDRED.—You are freely forgiven for writing two consecutive weeks; indeed, I look upon it as a decided proof of your special appreciation. Cedar-brown is rather dull. I would recommend, in preference, a bright shade of dark blue, if you are particularly anxious it should wear well. By means of a hat of flowers, and much lace about the waistcoat, and white gloves, you could induce it to a semblance of festivity. You might carry a muff entirely made of flowers to match your hat—that would help the appearance too.

MRS. C. F.—You have given me no pseudonym, but I have no doubt that you will recognise this is meant for you. Those hats with the frills in muslin may be bought from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street. I have not seen them in London with silk frills; I have often bought them in Paris, though; but if you go to Debenham's and tell them you want one made on the same model in silk, I am sure they will either make you one here or import one for you. The crowns are made of velvet or of a piece of ribbon twisted round and tied into a bow at one side.

EMILY.—Those shoulder-straps should be made of black velvet ribbon, fastened with a diamond buckle at one corner of the décolletage. A lace cape just as you describe it, the ends of the sash to be trimmed with lace and many tucks of chiffon. White shoes and stockings would be far prettier, and white gloves, of course. The best way to decorate the hair when it is worn down is with a half-wreath of flowers on the top of the coil. Another pretty way is to part the hair at the side in the front, and wear a large bunch of flowers over one ear. Line the cloak with mauve satin; this will last clean, and will look quite elegant. Excellent satins are to be bought at very low prices in New Bond Street—indeed, you may pay any sum you like for them, from 2s. 11d. a yard, and get them of good quality.

VIRGINIA.

TRIOLETS.

My love is like a Belgian hare,
I do not care for lop-eared rabbits.
For lop-eared things I do not care,
My love is like a Belgian hare.
That this is strange I am aware,
But still I cannot change my habits.
My love is like a Belgian hare,
I do not care for lop-eared rabbits.
My love is like a lop-eared rabbit,
I do not care for Belgian hares.
These matters all depend on habit,
My love is like a lop-eared rabbit.
My taste is strange, but do not "crab" it,
Love comes upon us unawares.
My love is like a lop-eared rabbit,
I do not care for Belgian hares.



A SMART SPRING COSTUME.

in which she mentions, as if she had discovered these facts, that the sea is green and purple, and the sun shines brightly.

Arthur is to join her to-morrow.

Wednesday.—I always said Arthur was preferable to Julia. I have had such a long letter from him this morning—

"DEAR VIRGINIA,—I have arrived at Brighton. Julia received me as if I were Andrée back from a balloon journey, jumping down my throat with a thermometer as pilot and sundry cups of beef-tea as followers; and she ordered me to bed immediately, and fussed round me generally until I felt that my eightieth birthday anniversary must be approaching.

"I have a gem of a room—you could wear it on your watch-chain, and it is on the sixth floor. This is what Julia calls giving me a lift, with a vengeance.

"I travelled incognito, so the Mayor did not dare to approach me on the platform. The manager, however, at once called on me—to tell me my bicycle wanted blowing up.

"I don't know a single soul here, but their evening blouses and skirts require your immediate attention. Everyone looks as if they had just recovered from influenza, and all get away from their spouses as soon as

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Feb. 22.

MONEY.

The ratio of the Bank Reserve to liabilities is steadily rising week by week. The last published Return shows a further advance from $44\frac{7}{8}$ per cent. to $45\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. Tax payments continue to swell the amount of Public Deposits, which have risen £1,305,000 during the week. This



VISCOUNT EMLYN, CHAIRMAN OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Photo by A. and G. Taylor, Manchester.

movement has naturally resulted in a depletion of "Other" Deposits, the decrease amounting to £1,800,000. The call-money rate at the end of the week was $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., while loans for the week were quoted at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The Bill Market was firm, but business quiet, three months' paper being quoted at $2\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. There does not seem for the moment any appearance of dearer money, and we are disposed to think that the 3 per cent. rate is likely to run on for another month or two.

HOME RAILS.

This market has had two dampers in the announcements of the Great Western and North-Eastern dividends. The former distribution was the same as a year ago, but the carry-over was less by £11,500, which was not at all relished by the market. We can hardly wonder at this, when it is considered that the gross increase for the half-year amounted to the substantial figure of £233,777, a sum which might reasonably have been expected to produce a very different result. For our own part, we did not anticipate any increase in the distribution, in view of the extra capital charges that had to be met, together with increased expenses generally; but we must confess surprise at the big reduction in the carry-over.

The Great Western report shows that the expenditure has increased by over £199,000, distributed pretty evenly among all the principal heads, so that of the net increase not much more than 15 per cent. has gone into the proprietors' pockets, and even this small proportion has been eaten up by the dividend required on the increased amount of Ordinary stock, for, whereas in 1896 it took £843,763 to pay the Ordinary shareholders $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., for the half-year just ended it requires £884,362.

Pretty well the same tale is told by the North-Eastern report, for, with an increase in receipts of £132,794, well spread among all the departments, the working expenses have increased by no less than £137,269, and the proprietors, instead of gaining by the improved takes, are actually £4475 worse off, so that, instead of getting $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., they are obliged to put up with 7 per cent. Wages in both railways appear to be the principal item in which increased expenditure has gone. Of the £137,269 by which the North-Eastern working expenses have gone up, no less than £94,730 is due to increased outlay in wages, materials, and stores. Out of a total of £1,074,902 received from passengers (exclusive of season-tickets), all but £95,344 was derived from third-class traffic!

The Midland Company's dividend of $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. would have proved as big a blow to the market as the other two, but we have got accustomed

to these things, and the drop of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in the distribution was anticipated, despite the gross increase of over £105,000 in the half-yearly traffics. The report is not yet out, so that we have merely the bare dividend figures to go upon; but, as the distribution now declared requires £67,555 less than that made last year, and the balance forward is £2000 less, it is clear that the increased expenditure must have been on an even larger scale than in the North-Eastern case. With the exception of a decrease of £4829 in the Midland, the traffic returns for the week are again good. North-Eastern shows an increase of £9042; Great Western, £6290; London and North-Western, £6149; and South-Eastern, £4600.

THE LEICESTER CORPORATION LOAN.

The failure of this $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan shows very clearly that the public is not prepared to let its money go just at present at the very low rates of interest which would have been jumped at eighteen months ago. When the Liverpool loan failed, we were told that the Corporation had quarrelled with the Stock Exchange, an explanation which we never believed; but, inasmuch as Leicester can get a miserable subscription of only £125,158, with the minimum fixed at 95, it seems pretty clear that the supply of this class of security has exceeded the demand. We are very glad that it is so, for, when people have nothing better to do with their money than lend it to Corporations at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., it is a sign of a very unhealthy state of affairs, which, for the present at least, appears to have passed away. One word more. In the face of the absolute failure of the loan, is it quite fair to accept silly and ignorant investors' little tenders at such an absurd price as par, while keeping the loan open at 95 for an indefinite time? We are well aware that if a poor parson or a silly old lady offers £100 for a little bit of the stock, the Corporation has a probably complete legal right to accept the offer, and to go on selling the balance to such other persons as like to give 95; but to do so is very like stealing five pounds, and quite unworthy of the Corporation of Leicester. The wretched tenderer cannot even hope for his stock to rise as long as the Corporation is selling at the minimum.

WEST AUSTRALIANS.

This market has been dull and without much business, although the Bottomley stocks have been supported by the "shop." Everybody is waiting for the great Whitaker-Wright amalgamation scheme, which, we hear, is to embrace the Mainland Consols, the Wealth of Nations, the Golden Crown, the Paddington Consols, and Hannan's Golden Treasure—all the failures, as a nasty, unkind jobber remarked to us on Friday. When the terms are before the shareholders of the various concerns, they will know whether or not they are to be asked to put their hands in their pockets, which is what they are asking themselves at present.

NORFOLK AND WESTERN.

American Rails generally have been somewhat feverish of late, and the tendency has been to lower prices. One notable exception, however,



MR. ERNEST PAGET, CHAIRMAN OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

has been the Norfolk and Western issues, which strengthened on the declaration of a dividend of one dollar on the Preference stock. Since its reorganisation, this company seems to have made fairly satisfactory

progress, but the chances of its being able to pay a dividend on its Common stock are still very remote. The company has a total capital of 135,710,700 dollars, 66,000,000 dollars of which being Common stock, with a market quotation of about 15½ dollars. The net receipts for the nine months to June 30, 1897, were 2,350,657 dollars, which compares with 1,694,910 dollars for the corresponding period of 1896. Since June of last year there has been a steady improvement going on in the traffic receipts, the aggregate increase at the end of October being 340,342 dollars. The company has a total mileage of 1569, and the percentage of expenditure to receipts, according to the last report, is 72·66 per cent.

CITY OF MONTEVIDEO.

It has suddenly occurred to somebody or somebodies that City of Montevideo bonds are worth looking at. The conditions under which they exist suggest something very abstruse in the way of chess problems; but when they are carefully analysed, and the nature of the guarantee taken into consideration, the bonds do not seem dear to people who like that sort of thing. The sliding scale of interest is not understood by the



MR. G. H. TURNER, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

Photo by W. W. Winter, Derby.

public in general, and the security is not of the kind to recommend to one's maiden aunt. But there seems to be fermenting the idea of the bonds being taken in hand for better or worse, though, for our own part, we do not see the fun of buying them either for investment or for speculation. At the best, the market must be a limited one; still, "Caveat emptor" must always be the motto of those who have money wherewith to buy stocks and shares, or, for that matter, anything else.

KAFFIRS.

In this once busy market everybody is complaining that not even starvation wages are to be made. A few heavy shares have changed hands, principally Chartered, as to which company all sorts of rumours have been going about with regard to the reorganisation of the Board. Something is in the wind, but nothing definite is known, and if the directors would only take the shareholders into their confidence, there would be no reason for the shares being made the sport of every idle rumour. We don't believe in the concern, as all our readers know full well; but if we held shares we should not allow ourselves to be frightened out of them by any cock-and-bull story of what the Colonial Office are going to do—at least, as long as the present Government is in power.

What everybody appears to be inquiring is whether the inactivity of the market is going to continue, and, if so, for how long. In finance, as in politics, it is the unexpected which always happens, but, with the probability of Mr. Paul Kruger being re-elected President of the Republic, a revival appears not over-probable.

ISSUES.

The Hovis Bread Flour Company, Limited.—This company, which we mentioned last week, has now issued its prospectus, and both the ordinary and preference shares seem to be very fair industrial investments, especially as the vendors are to remain on the Board, and the management, which has been so successful in the past, will be continued in the future. The accountants' certificate appears to be clear, and gives the figures for the past three years; but nothing is said as to the money spent on advertisements. We suppose that the

whole of this expenditure has been carried to revenue, and if so, nothing can be more satisfactory.

The Jarrah Timber and Wood-Paving Corporation, Limited, with a capital of £250,000, is about to offer £100,000 of 7 per cent. Preference shares and £100,000 Ordinary shares to the public. We note that Mr. F. H. Palfreman is on the directorate, which of itself is almost a guarantee of success, and, as it is whispered in financial circles that Mr. Whitaker Wright has a hand in the promotion, the corporation is pretty sure to go. The company acquires over sixty thousand acres of forest-land, together with saw-mills and going businesses producing more than the preference interest. Considering the price of other Jarrah properties, the shares of the company present a favourable opportunity for investment among those who like this kind of thing.

United Ordnance and Engineering Company, Limited.—This company is formed to incorporate with the business of Messrs. Easton, Anderson, and Goolden, of Erith, a gun-making business, including Messrs. Schneider and Co.'s rights to sell the celebrated Schneider-Canet artillery. A quarter of a million of 4½ per cent. Debenture stock, together with 275,000 5½ per cent. Cumulative Preference shares, and the same quantity of Ordinary shares, all of £1 each, are offered for subscription. The property to be acquired from Messrs. Easton and Anderson is valued at £357,212, which looks as if the debentures had a substantial security behind them. The Board appears to be suitable for the business to be engaged in, and, as the concern is to work hand-in-hand with the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company, it may develop into a second Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co. Mr. E. T. Hooley is the promoter, and guarantees the subscription of £250,000 for working capital and other purposes.

Saturday, Feb. 5, 1898.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

B. B. H.—We answered your first letter on the 1st inst., and your second on the 4th inst.

W. B. S.—Our opinion on the issues you ask about appeared in last week's Notes. We think Schweppe ordinary a better purchase than the deferred.

SHAMROCK.—It is quite impossible to get any really reliable information about the diamond-mine. To buy would be a gamble which we do not feel able to give an opinion upon.

W. S. T.—Your letter was fully answered on the 1st inst., but, having been forwarded by Messrs. H. S. King and Co. to you, as appears by the envelope, has come back with "Gone away, no address," on it.

A. W.—The name and address were sent you on the 3rd inst.

DEEP-LEVELS.—You might buy Rose Deep or Jumpers Deep, but to hold till next July we would rather purchase Pearson's 5½ per cent. pref., or Schweppe ordinary.

WAT.—There is no market, we hear, because the issue was so badly subscribed, and that is the reason the settlement has not been granted; but we are making further inquiries, and will answer you more fully next week.

N. DE P.—We should sell.

D. P. F.—Do not buy any of the shares you name. Victory (Charters Towers), or Day Dawn Block.

R. C. D.—We should take up the shares in the reconstruction. The mine is well placed, and may turn out trumps. As to the other concern, we like neither its position nor the people connected with it. If you can find a buyer, sell.

NEMO.—Do not buy any of the shares you mention. The name and address you ask for were sent you on the 4th inst.

LEINAPS.—The mine owns fifty-three claims, of which fifty are reef-bearing. The property adjoins the Nourse on the west and the Jumpers on the east; the dip is about 70 degrees, and there are three reefs in the property. You may reckon between thirty and forty thousand tons of ore per claim. It is a sound concern.

P. C. M. G.—Try the Editor with your manuscript; it does not refer to financial subjects, and we really cannot give general literary advice. The Editor would probably say we were quite incompetent to pronounce an opinion on such a subject, as we believe he has a poor opinion of the literary merit of these columns.

A. R. B.—The bank in question is a bill-of-sale, money-lending sort of pawnshop, which we advise you to avoid. Try the Birkbeck Bank, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

ASYLUM.—The Fire Insurance Company is, we think, a poor affair, and the shares are not quoted on the Stock Exchange. We will make some further inquiry, and, if we can add anything to this answer, will do so next week.

L. T. C.—(1) The London and Globe is a promoting company of good repute, and in good hands; but, of course, like all such things, speculative. If you will run some risks, the shares are not a bad purchase. (2) We think we should hold till the dividend, but not longer.

PLUTUS.—We regret no one in the Mining Market here seems to know anything of the companies you mention.

KLONDYKE.—The New Goldfields of British Columbia would, probably, suit you. The price is about 1¼. One of the company's mines, called the Velvet, is said to be better than the Le Roy, and the market for the shares is in strong hands.

P. C. E.—Your letter has been answered.

The Board of John Barker and Co., Limited, have resolved to increase the Ordinary share capital by £40,000 by the issue of 40,000 of the unissued shares of £1 each. They will be offered at £2 10s. each to Ordinary shareholders on the register on Feb. 10, at the rate of one new share for every complete four old shares held.

The interest taken in pantomime plays, such as "L'Enfant Prodigieux," "Le Statue de Commandeur," and "A Pierrot's Life," by London theatre-goers is now finding some sort of parallel in New York, where several plays of this genre have recently been produced by the Society of Musical Arts. One of these, a tragic piece called "The Traitor Mandoline"—in which Pierrot, by playing on his own mandoline, unconsciously aids the elopement of Pierrette with a wicked Count—seems to be really excellent of its sort, the book by Edwin Belknap, who played the Count, the music by H. W. Loomis, and the performance being all admirable. Perhaps, when the taste for pantomime plays revives over here, some manager might do worse than stage "The Traitor Mandoline."